

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JANUARY 14, 1939

## WHO'S WHO

JOHN V. HINKEL is with us for the first time. For that reason he is not so well known to our readers elsewhere as he is to every smart and active Catholic New Yorker. Born in Washington, graduated from Notre Dame University in 1929, holding masters' degrees from Columbia and George Washington Universities, he was always a natural newspaperman. He served for a year on the *Washington Post*, then came to the *New York Times*. For the past few years he has been a correspondent for the *N.C.W.C. News Service*. Last summer he spent six weeks in Spain as a Special Correspondent for the *American Newspapers Syndicate*. He has had a number of articles in the *Times* about his observations of happenings in Franco territory and along the French Catalan border. His investigations into the United States allies of the Spanish Loyalist-Communist front are presented in two articles, the second of which will be published next week. He wishes to assure all readers that he can supply proof and documentation for every assertion he makes. . . . CAPTAIN JOHN E. KELLY, by profession an engineer, and by stock a Presbyterian, has become a well known and valued contributor to these pages. He is sharp to detect the coloring of the Communists, even when it is elaborately camouflaged. . . . FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY also spent his vacation from Fordham University in Spain. He varies his usual analytic articles with an emotional and imaginative piece. . . . DORAN HURLEY incorporates in his old-parish series an incident that should be recalled to us moderns. Mr. Hurley recently published *The Old Parish*, a book of delightful sketches.

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Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,  
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Business Manager: STEPHEN J. MEANY.

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# COMMENT

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"KEEP the Spanish Embargo Committee" is, currently with this writing, holding a mass meeting on January 9 in Constitution Hall, Washington, D. C. This committee was organized under the auspices of the National Council of Catholic Men, of which Louis Kenedy is president and Edward J. Heffron is secretary. It represents Catholic opinion in the United States, not only because it is under the direction of the National Catholic Welfare Conference but also because an impressive number of clergymen, laymen and laywomen, all spokesmen in some way for Catholicism, have enthusiastically endorsed its position. "Keep the Spanish Embargo Committee" should have the support and the active collaboration of every Catholic in the United States. On this question there must be a united front, of Catholics themselves, and of Catholics with professing Protestants and those with no distinctive religious affiliations. In this demand to hold tight the Spanish embargo, there should be active participation by Jews. Thus far, however, the Jewish representatives have not been willing to cooperate. But the demand should be made irrespective of religious beliefs or foreign issues. It must be based solidly on the determination of Americans, as American citizens, to keep the United States from meddling in a foreign international war, and from sending death-dealing instruments of war to either side in the Spanish conflict. We commend the initiative, the intelligence and the courage of the N. C. C. M. for solidifying public opinion in favor of holding the Administration to our national policy of an embargo on arms destined for the Spanish war. We stand unalterably opposed, as Americans who are Catholics, to the pseudo-democratic, the soured liberal, the concealed Communistic forces that are applying such unholy pressure on the President and on Congress to plant American guns in Spain, to fill the Spanish air with American planes and to riddle the men of Spain with American bullets.

THE SHIPMENT of surplus American wheat to Spain, referred to in our last two issues, is simple or subtle or complex, according to one's angle. It cannot, however, be said to be humanitarian without alloy nor, until we receive further reassurances, can we declare it utterly sincere. We cannot bring ourselves to rejoice so exultantly over the acceptance of the Chairmanship by George MacDonald, distinguished American Catholic and Papal marquis, as does, for example, the blatantly Communistic weekly, the *New Masses*, in its issue of January 10. It would not be well for Mr. MacDonald to resign the chairmanship, now that he has accepted in good faith. It is imperative that he and his committee should investigate every expressed and unexpressed aim of the project, should state without

subterfuge the intended and actual distribution of this American flour in Spain, and should carefully supervise all activities so that they be kept strictly charitable and humanitarian. The sum of \$500,000 for the purpose of sending 600,000 barrels of flour to Spain is to be collected by the American Red Cross. When the American Red Cross appeals for funds, we Catholics are generous, for we are a charitable people. But in this new Spanish appeal, we must be intelligent. We must have an answer to such questions as: How many of the 60,000 barrels of flour already sent were delivered in the Nationalist area, comprising more than two-thirds of Spain? How many of the 600,000 barrels of American flour will be used to feed the more than two-thirds of the population resident in Franco, or Nationalist, or Insurgent, or Rebel Spain? Has the Nationalist Government, under General Franco, expressed a willingness to accept any of these barrels of flour? Is it planned to force this flour on Nationalist Spain so that the term "non-partisan" might be used in the United States to cover all shipments to Loyalist Spain? What relation does this project bear to the efforts to lift the embargo on sending munitions of war to Spain?

THIS REVIEW, its editor and associate editors, and its authors, are not well liked by the Communist daily and weekly, nor by the Popular Front weeklies that differ, ideologically, so little from the Communist publications. Some of our gentle readers, because they are gentle, might agree with the exasperated Communists and their fluttering "fellow travelers," especially after reading this issue of our Review. We are, gentle readers, as gentle as yourself by nature and inclination; we are not baiters of Reds or others; we do not carry chips to balance on our shoulders; we deplore uncharitableness and conflict; we would like to be happy and peaceful and entertaining in our pages; we like the sweet instincts of Ferdinand; we are not troubled by evil dreams or dread imaginings. We are merely seeing straight, thinking soundly, and talking honestly when we discuss Communism. We are trying to tell you what we have discovered about the clenched fist of hate, how the hammer is being pounded and where the sickle is being wielded. Even the gentle bird will chatter and make a rum-pus when it sees the serpent creeping upon its nest. Such a bird, certainly, is not a fanatic, nor an extremist, nor a snake-baiter.

THE DEATH of His Eminence Alexander Cardinal Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw and Primate of Poland, which took place on December 30, 1938, recalls the fact that it was from Cardinal Kakowski



that Monsignor Achille Ratti, the present Pope Pius XI, received the sacred order of the episcopate on October 28, 1919. Monsignor Ratti was consecrated titular Archbishop of Lepanto on his appointment as Apostolic Nuncio to Poland, and his consecration took place in Warsaw. It was more than mere coincidence that the titular See assigned to the new Nuncio should have been that of Lepanto, one of the most glorious names in the history of Christendom. For it was from the Battle of Lepanto that an earlier Pius, Saint Pius the Fifth, had brought to him the news that Catholic Spain and the Republic of Venice had thrust back the Infidel, and that the power of the Turk had been stayed for good in Western Christendom. The spirit that saved the Church at Lepanto is the spirit that has always inspired Achille Ratti, whether as titular Archbishop of Lepanto, as Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, as Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church.

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AN ASTONISHING situation may be seen if one examines the brief just submitted in the Gaines case to the Supreme Court by the University of Missouri and then compares it with the angry attitude of many Catholics towards one of their own problems—the difficult problem of Catholic college education for Catholic Negroes. The Court recently applied the “equal protection of the laws” clause to the Missouri case. The court held in effect that Missouri must do one of three things: 1. admit Negroes to the State university; 2. or provide complete graduate courses for Missouri Negroes in their own separate university; 3. or close down the State University which refuses to admit Negro citizens. Missouri University has just filed a petition for rehearing. It argues: 1. it cannot admit Negroes, since a long-established deeply-rooted tradition in the State is against allowing Negroes to sit in the same classroom with white young men and women; 2. it cannot possibly bear the staggering expense of supplying buildings, faculties, libraries, equipment for law and medicine and finance and the hundred other subjects which Negroes might wish to study; 3. and, of course, it must continue to conduct a State University. This Review predicts that, despite the petition for rehearing, the Court will stand firm and repeat that if Missouri wants to run a University and cannot also finance a Negro university, it will have to overcome its “long-established and deeply rooted tradition” and freely admit Negroes into the classroom with whites.

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WE have long thought there should be a merit medal donated annually for the most conspicuous example of Catholic courage in refuting the numerous lies, aspersions, calumnies and misrepresentations written and spoken against the Church, its doctrines and policy. Jay Allen, ex-writer for the *Chicago Tribune*, recently took occasion within the sanctuary of a Federal Government building to refer to the prelates of Spain as “hill-billy Bishops.” He described Franco as “a Boy Scout laboring with

the Sacred Heart to save Spain,” called the Catholic Church one of the principal enemies of democracy. Thus, and with other as groundless charges, did this friend of Communism take pot shots at Catholics as the least likely to fight back in arguing that the embargo against Red Spain be lifted. Thank God on this occasion there was one, a convert to the Church, courageous enough to seek the speaker's platform when Allen had concluded. Allen advanced and put out his hand, expecting to be congratulated for his noble effort. Mrs. Ernest William Howard, daughter of a Southern Methodist minister, spurned the proffered hand and said she would not shake the hand of one who had spoken as he did of the Church. She quietly, quickly and efficiently informed Allen that he knew little about history, past or present. When she was asked why she was not content to ask questions like the others, she replied with delightful aplomb that Allen proved himself incapable of answering them and that it was light and truth that were needed. Well may she express her surprise that a professional organization, the District of Columbia Literary Association, should sponsor Allen's attack on the Church in a Government auditorium. Those concerned hemmed and hawed as is usual when Catholics are on the receiving end. But we invite Mrs. Howard to come forward, take a bow from all Catholics and lovers of truth.

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EVERY agency of propaganda has been employed, and still continues, to rouse the public and keep them at fever heat on the question of the fate of the Jewish refugees from Germany and Austria. Public platform (graced by gentlemen of the cloth of every creed), radio, news release, even the *March of Time*, current film turned propagandistic for the occasion—all have been coordinated to promote sympathy for the cause of Jewry. There can be no possible objection to keeping the public truthfully informed about the confiscation of property and the heartless ejection of Jews from their native soil. The perfidy of official Germany cannot be too severely stigmatized. Our only wonder is that Catholics twenty million strong have been unable to rouse similar pity for the unfortunate Spanish people. True enough the agencies of propaganda released screaming headlines when children from Bilbao, Santander and Valencia were removed under the guise of refugees to foreign lands, though a safe refuge under neutral control was offered by the Nationalist Government within Spanish confines. These waifs in many cases were taken forcibly from their homes and no amount of pleas on the part of their parents has been sufficiently effective to accomplish their return. No sympathy has yet been aroused for the hundreds of thousands of Spaniards who were ruthlessly murdered by the Madrid-Valencia-Barcelona Government for purely political and religious motives. If the misfortunes of the German and Austrian Jews provoke our compassionate regard, how much more should our sympathy be aroused for the real Spanish people whose sufferings have been incomparably greater!

# KEEP THE EMBARGO ON MUNITIONS FOR SPAIN

Communistic engineers are controlling the machinery

JOHN V. HINKEL

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WHAT is the source of the pressure which is being brought to bear upon President Roosevelt and the Seventy-sixth Congress to "lift the arms embargo on Loyalist Spain"? A painstaking, thorough investigation has revealed that the bulk of this pressure can be traced directly to Communist sources, and that the whole is but part of a world-wide effort to save the first Marxist outpost in Western Europe, Loyalist Spain.

Communist Party members, their sympathizers and "fellow travelers," have almost succeeded in concealing their domination of current agitation against the embargo. Yet the simple facts behind the recent and current conventions, delegations, petitions, letter and postcard barrages and other "lift the embargo" propaganda—all familiar Communist United Front tactics—directed at the White House and the Capitol point unerringly to Earl Browder, his comrades and his foreign alliances.

The "lift the embargo" campaign (current version) is being carried out according to a carefully arranged plan. Complete details of this plan were incorporated into a confidential memorandum of instructions issued by the Joint Committee to Lift the Embargo. This committee is composed of six major Communist United Front organizations. They are (their Communist affiliations will be shown later):

1. The Communist-controlled Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. It is represented on this Joint Committee by its executive secretary, the Rev. Dr. Herman F. Reissig, a Protestant clergyman with pronounced Leftist leanings.

2. The Communistic American League for Peace and Democracy, represented by "Captain" Steve Nelson, active Communist and former International Brigadesman with the Spanish Loyalist Army.

3. The Communist-controlled Lawyers Committee on American Relations With Spain, represented by its executive secretary, Charles Rabbits, a young Leftist.

4. The Communistic Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, represented by its national chairman, David McK. White, former International Brigadesman and active in left-wing circles.

5. The Communistic Confederated Spanish Socie-

ties, represented by Julian Benedet, a Spanish anarchist.

6. The Communist-controlled American Friends of Spanish Democracy, represented by its executive secretary, Miss Natalie Hankemeyer, a left winger.

James F. Baker, Jr., the seventh member of the Joint Committee, is a director of the National Negro Congress, which, however, has no official connections with the "lift the embargo" drive.

A study of the directors of the six organizations represented on the Joint Committee to Lift the Embargo reveals a curious interlocking of officers and directors. Such intergroup contact is characteristic of Communist technique in the formation of a United Front.

The Committee first "recommends" that the three following points be stressed above all else in anti-embargo propaganda:

1. To show "the immediate threat of a Fascist Spain to Latin-American democracy and to our relationship with South America." This point was emphasized by Professor David Efron, an Argentine, at the Communist-controlled Conference on Pan-American Democracy at Washington last month.

2. To arouse the Jewish people of America against the Spanish Nationalist regime. This was already being done in the propaganda of the Communist-controlled Medical Bureau and North American Committee.

3. To show alleged technical reasons why the embargo against Spain should be removed. This task was especially committed to the Communist-controlled Lawyers Committee on American Relations with Spain.

The following advice is offered in the closing paragraph of the first section: "The campaign should be directed mainly at the President. If no action is taken before Congress convenes, special suggestions will then be made for pressure on the Senators and Congressmen. But the President remains the key man. . . ."

The memorandum next lists activities already undertaken. Among these are the letter, signed by ninety-eight persons, asking the President to lift the embargo; a letter addressed to 500 educators by the Communist-controlled Federation of Faculty



Committees for the same purpose; a similar letter circulated to "key" men in nineteen medical faculties; and thousands of other letters and telegrams sent to Washington on the embargo.

The following section, *What is Being Done*, states that special groups are "circularizing thousands of people in their special fields (medicine, music, art, etc.) asking for signatures on an anti-embargo letter to the President.

Ten suggestions are listed in the last section entitled, *What You Are Asked To Do*. The initial suggestion is to "set up a local Directing and Coordinating Committee" to direct "lift the embargo" efforts in each community. Next is a proposal to call individual "lift the embargo" conferences.

Proposal number three is of particular interest. It deals with "lift the embargo" Christmas cards for President Roosevelt. Some 50,000 of these cards were printed and sold to left-wing groups at one-half cent each. The cards were then retailed at from one to five cents apiece.

Subsequent proposals were to "get time on your local radio station" for "lift the embargo" discussions; to "send delegations and letters to elected Congressmen and Senators" and to "consider giving a send-off dinner to your Congressman as he leaves for Washington"; to write letters to the editors of newspapers; to influence meetings, etc., to pass "lift the embargo" resolutions; to "organize a telephone campaign requesting individuals to write or wire the President"; to circularize the mass petition against the embargo; and to "prepare for the 'lift the embargo conference' at Washington, D.C., January 9 to 14." Copies of this memorandum were sent to all principal left-wing groups throughout the country.

The present "lift the embargo" campaign apparently started on November 9, 1938, when a brief cable story from Paris appeared in the Communist *Daily Worker*. The story smacked strongly of being a handout or free press release from *Agence Espagne*, the official Spanish Loyalist news syndicate at Paris. It read, in part:

A vast campaign has begun in all countries of Europe against the plan to grant belligerency rights to General Franco. . . . Meetings, demonstrations, press campaigns are being pushed everywhere. . . . This campaign is closely related to the campaign for material aid which is meeting with success everywhere. Europe and Spain await similar action from the great American people.

The American answer to this "appeal" was not long in coming. Within ten days the Communist-controlled Lawyers Committee on American Relations With Spain met at Washington (November 19 and 20), and the first phase of the current "lift the embargo" drive was in full swing.

This phase was directed principally at President Roosevelt, according to the suggestions of the Joint Committee's memorandum. It lasted until the Seventy-sixth Congress convened on January 3. The second phase started immediately, with the pressure then concentrated on Congress. The recent meeting of the Communistic American League for Peace and Democracy (January 6 to 8) at Washington gave it a good send-off. It is being accelera-

ted under the active direction of the Communist-controlled Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, which sponsored "Lift the Embargo Week" at Washington.

No better illustration of the Marxist genius for organization can be had than the formation of the last-named committee. For that reason it will be described here in some detail. The Committee was the first agency in the United States to devote itself exclusively to the Spanish Loyalist cause. It was founded in October, 1936, by the International Labor Defense, the legal arm of the Communist Party, U. S. A., and the Communistic American League for Peace and Democracy, then known as the American League Against War and Fascism. Originally there were two nominally separate but interdependent organizations, the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy. The two were united under their present name in February, 1938.

The Committee is an affiliate of the International Committee on Coordination and Information for Aid to Republican Spain, founded at Paris at the order of the Communist Third International in August, 1936. The principal functions of the International Committee are to correlate the propaganda, military, medical and other aid given to the Spanish Loyalists by Marxist organizations in nineteen countries.

Delegates of the Medical Bureau and North American Committee attended a conference under the auspices of the International Committee at Paris last July. In a confidential report to this conference the American Committee listed its national affiliates as follows:

1. The Communist Party, U.S.A.
2. The Young Communist League.
3. The Socialist Party, U.S.A.
4. The American Friends of Spanish Democracy (Communist-controlled).
5. The American League for Peace and Democracy (Communistic).
6. The American Student Union (Communist-controlled).
7. The Book and Magazine Guild of America (Communist-controlled).
8. Finnish Workers Federation (Communistic).
9. International Labor Defense (Communistic).
10. Italian Anti-Fascist Committee (Communistic).
11. Italian Committee to Aid the Children of Spain (Communist-controlled).
12. International Workers Order (Communistic).
13. League for Industrial Democracy (Socialist).
14. Lithuanian Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy (Communist-controlled).
15. Progressive Women's Council (Communistic).
16. German-American Committee for Spanish Relief (Communist-controlled).
17. Lettish Workers Unity (Communist-controlled).
18. Social Workers Committee (Communist-controlled).
19. American Federation of Teachers, Local Five (Communist-controlled).

Among the groups which cooperate with it, without being official affiliates, the Committee reported, are the following: the Ben Leider Memorial Fund, the Motion Picture Artists Committee, the Theatre Arts Committee, the Federation of Faculty Committees, and the Lawyers Committee on American Relations with Spain.

The Committee also reported that it has 131 chapters in various parts of the United States. Unquestionably, many of the members in these chapters are in ignorance of the international tie-ups and the Communist domination of the national organization.

From October, 1936, to June, 1938, the Committee reported that it had collected \$633,504. Nearly one-third of this amount was spent for "propaganda and administration," it added. (Recent State Department figures show the Committee collected more than \$700,000 from May, 1937, to November, 1938, with more than \$200,000 being allotted for "overhead.")

A special section of the Committee's report at Paris was devoted to "propaganda and fund-raising." The change in sentiment among a great many Americans in favor of the Spanish Loyalists, the Committee declared, was due, in part, "to the fact that for two years the Committee has flooded the country with hundreds of thousands of pamphlets" on the Spanish Civil War. Also detailed in this section was the work of the Committee's other propaganda departments: speakers, press, motion pictures, and special features such as bazaars, dances, poster and photo exhibits and auctions of paintings and manuscripts.

On frequent occasions the Committee has been charged with violating United States laws by recruiting and sending Americans to fight with the International Brigades of the Spanish Loyalist Army. This, as was to be expected, it has consistently denied.

One of its co-chairmen, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, has frequently been under fire in his own church, the Methodist Episcopal, for his numerous left-wing activities. The Bishop is a leading figure in at least a dozen Communist United Front organizations.

Dr. Reissig, his chief lieutenant on the Committee, likewise is identified with several Communistic and Communist-controlled groups. It is of particular interest to note that he made a report to the tenth annual convention of the Communist Party, U.S.A., at New York City last May, on the activities of the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. A report on the Committee's medical activities was made at the same convention by John Sherman, organization secretary of the Committee.

Many well-known Marxists are among the national sponsors of the Committee. They include Devere Allen, Jerome Davis, Dorothy Detzer, Sherwood Eddy, Joseph Lash, Professor Robert Morss Lovett, former Congressman Jerry O'Connell and Upton Sinclair, to mention only a few. There are also a number of avowed Communists among minor officials and employees of the Committee. Walt Carmen, its publicity director, for instance, is a former editor of the Communistic *New Masses*.

It is significant, too, that the Committee's activities are publicized chiefly in the Communist press, and that it derives a large measure of its support from Communist organizations. By accident or design, its offices are in the same building that houses

the headquarters of the New York County Committee of the Communist Party and other Marxist organizations.

Most, if not all, of the Committee's propaganda pamphlets, brochures and leaflets, and its stationery, is printed at the Prompt Press or the Sheridan Square Press, both in New York City. The former is owned by the Communist Party. It also prints various Communist publications, including the *Daily Worker*. For that matter the Spanish Embassy at Washington sometimes utilizes its services.

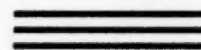
The Sheridan Square Press is operated by two reputed Communists, Sam Ciporin, a former employee of the *Daily Worker*, and J. L. Fisher, who "sits in" on various Communist Party meetings. Another of its chief customers is Amtorg, or the Soviet-American Trading Corporation.

There is one more interesting item worth chronicling about the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Casting discretion to the winds, the Committee participated officially in the Communist May Day parade in New York City last May 1. If any additional proof of its Communistic allegiance is needed, the place of honor its delegation was accorded in this parade and the applause which greeted it along the line of march, should furnish the answer.

(Continued next week.)

## PAINFUL AWAKENING TO TRUTH AT LIMA

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.



JUDGING by all that is of public record as to the recent Pan-American Conference at Lima, Peru, are we to consider the Conference as a "success" or a "failure"? (Purposely I use quotation marks, for success and failure are grossly relative terms.) We did not get at Lima the alliance for defense of the Western Hemisphere against aggression from abroad which apparently was aimed at from official quarters in this country. We learned there some terribly unpleasant lessons, preludes to our learning still more. We reaped a certain amount of ridicule and ignominy. From that standpoint the conference may need to be considered as a failure.

Nevertheless, I see no hypocrisy or self-delusion in counting up certain very important gains, as conferences go.

Inter-American relations form no small part of the laboratory of international law. The world's code may be ignored, but it cannot be effaced. Each time that these principles are re-affirmed, the body of international law is correspondingly enriched. The code subscribed to at Lima will probably be interpreted in some fashions very different from our way of conceiving. By some it may one day be



openly violated. Nevertheless, the truth remains expressed in the two statements which introduced the Lima Declaration of American Principles: "The need for keeping alive the fundamental principals of relations among nations was never greater than today; and each State is interested in the preservation of world order under law, in peace, with justice, and in the social and economic welfare of mankind." Intervention and use of force as an instrument of national or international policy are proscribed; respect for treaties is insisted upon; peaceful collaboration is subscribed to; and all are to cooperate in economic reconstruction as a contribution to national and international well-being. In spite of all reservations made in the interest of national independence, the principle of a certain unchanging degree of solidarity between the nations of the New World is preserved and re-affirmed. This solidarity is not merely in the material order, but is based upon certain historic traditions held in common by peoples who created a new and freer national society by combining the cultural traditions of the Old World with the freedom and opportunity of the New.

Nothing is gained by belittling and throwing pessimism upon these achievements of the Conference. Realism bids us to acknowledge them, with all their limitations; but when we have done that, realism will have us turn our attention to the grim fact that a type of spiritual attitude which North Americans had deluded themselves into thinking the quickest and shortest way towards establishing profitable relations with our neighbors to the South has turned out, as far as we are concerned, to be the world's worst; and the story of our disillusionment on this matter has only just begun.

The attitude of the big stick, of militaristic imperialism, was buried long before the Lima Conference. Wherever any nation displayed anxiety lest it might again raise its head no opportunity was lost to re-assert our total and eternal renunciation of any design to rule the Western Hemisphere by force of arms. Business, too, has long worn sackcloth in repentance for our disregard of Latin-American commercial psychology. But there remains much unpleasant awakening to be done as to the damage wrought to Pan-American relations by the use of anti-Catholic bigotry as an instrument of international policy. Too long, much too long, has the spiritual sabotaging proceeded along a two-fold line: on the Fundamentalist and traditional; the other, on the line of supposed liberalism.

As an example of the Fundamentalist sort of thing, which has done more to alienate South America than the bad manners of any hundreds of salesmen we might send down there, we can look at the first page of the *Christian Advocate*, Methodist Church organ, for December 15, 1938. This leading article is entitled: *Can Jesus Christ Live in Peru?* by E. Stella Cass, with the sub-title: "A pertinent question as the American republics meet at Lima." The first three of the article's five paragraphs read:

There is no other country in the world where one meets the outward semblance of the people's religion as in Peru. . . .

The pity is that there seems to be no evidence of the consciousness of the Resurrection of the Living Saviour, the hope of humanity, either in the outward symbols or in the hearts of the people. And the great teachers of the Church seem to have missed the very heart of our Saviour's teaching of love, of truth, of honesty and of brotherhood. . . .

The boys and girls of our [Methodist] mission schools are surprised and mystified that acts of truthfulness and honesty are considered essential attributes of Christian behavior. . . . Their religious life has been outward rites and observances and not a quickening of the spirit in a realization of the love of God, the brotherhood of Christ.

I am not concerned with what particular experiences may have prompted the missionary to write this balderdash. But I am very much concerned with the effect on our international relations that the reading of such utterances must necessarily produce upon the decent religious and Catholic people of Peru, and there are millions of such. Do they hear of them? They do. Such utterances are now translated and quoted in South American magazines. Those words are written concerning the state of religion in a city where three hundred years ago two Dominican lay-brothers, Blessed Martin de Porres and Blessed John Masias, one a Negro and the other a white lad, set an example of fraternal charity, of skill and wisdom in social organization and social relief, that the two continents have never surpassed. Were these men to rise from the grave today and discuss the total lack of charitable institutions, the prevalence of mob violence and of social degeneracy down Tobacco Roads of the United States where none but the Fundamentalist Gospel has been preached from the time of first settlement, the authors of such slurs upon our southern neighbors might find plenty to think about at home in the United States.

The point at issue is not how much or how little these peoples practise their religion. The point is that they are stung to the quick by our empty-headed American assumption that they are necessarily inferior, a lesser breed of beings, because they profess Catholicism. And as their religion awakes their pride wakes with it.

In the English-speaking world, Catholics are so accustomed to the surrounding non-Catholic ascendancy that they find it hard to go beyond a point of being merely thankful that they are Catholics, and thus safe for the world to come. As for the Anglo-Saxon non-Catholics, they simply cannot imagine how any people can feel a great national pride in their Catholicism. When people of the Latin races, in Europe or America show signs of such a pride, even the Anglo-Saxon "liberal" feels it must all be a horrible delusion. However much he may scorn Fundamentalism, he cannot seem to slough off this old "fundamental" attitude. He is so upset over the inconsistency which is sometimes found between this pride of religion and the personal conduct of foreigners that he is totally blind to much grosser inconsistencies in lives and institutions at home. And when the lives of Latin Catholics are sublimely consistent with their pride in Catholicism, as occurs in countless instances from the days of a Don Alfaro to the present moment, it

seems to be agony to the Anglo-Saxon non-Catholic mind to admit it.

Guatemala and Mexico, we learn, were the only two countries of the Western Hemisphere to send New Year's greetings to Hitler. Evidently the activities of the Seventh Day Adventists in the mountains of Guatemala, with their determined war under the guise of paganism, upon the most innocent forms of native usages; despite all their hospitals and clinics and other tangible material benefits, were not enough to win the hearts of the Guatemalans for their beneficent neighbor to the North. In Mexico our policy has been as close to an official protection of anti-religious Socialism as it is possible for one country to give another. It is "imperialism" in reverse. We have praised, studied, applauded, set up as models even for imitation in the United States those assaults upon religion and morality which were supposed to represent the soul of the Mexican people. We have sided with the "liberators" and the "builders of a new era." No Latin American artist has ever received a tenth of the welcome in the United States as that accorded to Diego Rivera. Our reward is a message to Hitler and Mexico's deals in expropriated United States oil holdings with Germany and Japan.

The "liberal" attitude has been to espouse the avowedly anti-Catholic and revolutionary elements in the Southern lands, especially in Mexico and in Peru, where the Aprista movement has long enjoyed the protection of advanced North American thought. Two types of Americans contribute to this phenomenon: those who are inspired by a real hatred either of the Catholic Church in particular, or of religion in general; the other, those who are well-meaning and inoffensive, but completely deluded as to the real ideals and strivings of the nations which they wish to befriend.

The elements in the South American countries which they have selected for collaboration are precisely those which have alienated the forces now striving to upbuild those nations upon a Christian basis. It cannot be helped, therefore, if in the popular mind they are identified with those forces, and must share the enmity those forces have aroused.

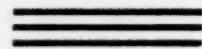
Only a strenuous representation prevented, a little over a year ago, an important series of broadcasts concerning Latin American conditions, presented under high sponsorship, from becoming propaganda for these revolutionary movements.

In his Lima address on December 26, Dr. Leo S. Rowe, director general of the Pan-American Union, who has followed a consistently conciliatory course for years under many Administrations, dwelt upon the importance of strengthening the "bonds of unity" that link the various nations to one another.

The strongest bond of unity in this whole Pan-American field is not economic or commercial interdependence, but the Catholic Faith which these nations possess in common with 20,000,000 citizens of the United States and over 4,000,000 in Canada. This bond of unity lies in our custody as Catholics. Is it not about time that we rouse ourselves and insist that American diplomacy recognize this bond in the pursuit of inter-American harmony?

## LITTLE RED SCHOOLBOYS

JOHN EOGHAN KELLY



ONCE again the American Student Union, brave in its camouflage of "Americanism" and "democracy," has held its annual convention, this time in the congenial precincts of the College of the City of New York. The two words hung in huge letters over the speaker's rostrum, but a searching examination of the speeches and exhibits found no evidence of the existence of either. The American Student Union, in its offerings to the immature minds of its "convention delegates," is a Comintern's youth outpost in America. Its mouthing of "democracy" accents the second syllable; its parade of "Americanism" lies between sacrilege and treason. Everywhere there was praise, open, brazen, accepted, of the Soviet Union; delegations are sent to Russia, ambulances to Red Spain, the Founders of Americanism are derided by these beneficiaries of the Founders' sacrifices.

Faithfully heeding its little Commissar, Joseph P. Lash, M.A. (strange that an untrammelled spirit would retain the furbelows of bourgeois scholarship), the convention reversed its previous stand and voted for a great army and navy for "national defense." Now that Soviet Russia has been forced down our throats as one of the democracies, it is quite all right that we shall have a huge military establishment—provided it be used for foreign adventure, for the Soviets' aid in a planned Russo-German war. So confident are the Communists that we shall willingly pull their chestnuts from the fire, so sure is Browder of his control of the machinery of government, that there is no longer need of destroying our army and navy to be replaced by a Red Guard or Workers' Militia.

The convention was welcomed by the Mayor of the City of New York, by President Mead of City College who hopefully invited the fledgling thinkers to repair a world his generation had destroyed; by a laudatory message from the President of the United States, reproduced in photostatic completeness on the rear cover of the Student Almanac.

There is no pretense of presenting both sides in considering the problems confronting America and the world. In the crazy quilt of Student Union thinking, there are only two colors, not the outmoded black and white, but white (which was the bourgeois black) and Moscovite red, magnet of the ambitious, the unscrupulous, the "do-gooders," the atheists, the haters, the unfit. The world picture was presented to the Student Union by such impartial observers as Roger Baldwin; Maxwell N. Weisman (whose belief in free speech was expressed in the phrase: "stopping a Nazi speech on the East side would be an extension of democracy on a higher plane, in line with Socialist democracy"); James B. Carey of the C.I.O.; Dr. Max Lerner, professor at Williams College and formerly editor of the *Nation*; Michael Quill, the Leftist member of



the City Council and head of the militant Leftist Transport Workers Union; Clarence Hathaway, editor of the *Daily Worker*; Betty Shields-Collins, International of the World Youth Congress; Loh Tsei of the All China Student Union; Joel Seidman of the League for Industrial Democracy; James Wechsler of the *Nation* staff, and Professor Obermeyer of New College. Not forgetting the *deus ex machina* who is modestly described in the official literature as "Joseph P. Lash, M.A., Director of the Student Leadership Institute [a sort of training camp for future commissars, at Poughquag, New York], Executive Secretary of the American Student Union."

The exhibits, housed in rooms on an upper floor, made up in earnestness what they lacked in display and showmanship. The usual Communist flair for striking emphatic affirmation is evidently an acquired art; the student radicals were eager but clumsy. A room said to house WPA exhibits brimmed with Communist literature. Swarthmore College was represented by placards demanding ambulances for Red Spain (in the name of "Peace" no doubt!) and an exhibit of apparently every stamp and seal issued by Madrid-Valencia-Barcelona-Moscow, in mint condition. When do the students at Swarthmore have time for studies, or are these "cultural pursuits" accepted as credits toward graduation? The Federal Government's National Youth Administration, headed by Aubrey Williams, who has been publicly denounced as a Communist, was prominently represented, with "human interest" photographs and piles of bound volumes of NYA propaganda standing in neglected piles despite the pathetic placarded entreaty: "Please Take One." The information desk in the anteroom to the convention hall was piled with what the attendant called "Christmas seals," though they bore only a caricature of Santa Claus and legends such as: "Score a touchdown for Democracy." "No evidence of Christianity," commented an observer. "Of course not," snapped the attendant, "these are for democracy."

The Student Union also travels. A circular distributed to the delegates urges them to a visit to the Soviet Union next summer, with side trips to observe Popular Front activities in various other lands. Advertised as "organized by the American Student Union, administration [by] The Open Road," the folder is a candid confession of Communist bias. Some significant paragraphs are here given:

For the fourth successive summer the A.S.U. will conduct a group of intelligent students through the mazes of European politics. Europe has changed mightily since the first tour of 1936. Those who participated in past A.S.U. tours have observed those changes, in more than mere headlines. They have seen the deeper forces at work in Paris, London, Prague, Vienna, Moscow. They have gotten a close-up view of movements and dominant personalities which are shaping our world.

The Student Union tour is not for sightseers . . . in Moscow and Leningrad youth leaders will expound Soviet life as it appears to the first socialist generation.

Men who make history will confer with the group.

Men who write about it will impart inside information. Everywhere there will be meetings with European students. . . .

The fact that the Open Road works directly with the Soviet authorities makes it possible to *control plans* in the Soviet Union in their most *important aspects*. (Italics mine.) . . .

Generally the places selected (inns, etc.) are sufficiently modern even according to American standards. But hot running water and a bath on five minutes notice cannot always be guaranteed. . . . The unpretentiousness of arrangements serves cultural as well as economic purposes. It diminishes the economic distance and the consequent human distance which ordinarily separates Americans and Europeans.

The last sentences appear in the light of advance apology for living conditions in the "Workers' Paradise."

Taken en masse, the delegates to the convention were hardly formidable physically. The hundreds who howled menacingly against Fascism seemed more likely to dash for the shelter of home and mother had a corporal's guard of their ideological enemies appeared. They seemed hardly representative of young America seen on the campus. Their adolescent features were shadowed with the emotions of the bitter and envious men whom they have chosen as worthy of emulation. In all secular colleges, in all classes, there is a bitter group, holding apart from the normal healthy life of their fellows, to brood on "injustice" and imaginary wrongs. Hand in hand with this false thinking goes a disinclination to work, a desire to attain ends by trickery, by exploitation of those who respond to the anti-Christ's cry: "Workers of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains."

The weakest vial may hold the deadliest poison; a bitter minority, glib-tongued with arguments furnished by cleverer brains, may seduce larger groups faced with unemployment upon leaving college. Evil cannot be undone by ignoring its presence. The radical student unions cannot be let go their leftward way unchallenged. Already far too many pillars of our educational system, in secondary schools as well as universities, are colored red. Too many institutions, supported by the taxpayers, house renegades who preach destruction of the system that provides their employment and their stipends.

There must be a militant American undergraduate movement, organized on a nationwide basis, to provide a rallying point for patriotic students, to expose the falsity of radical arguments, to drive Communism from the campus. The nucleus exists. In almost every college and school the youths who form the Reserve Officers Training Corps, the athletes, the student leaders, the Catholic undergraduates, are instinctively anti-Communist. Here is the material to form an institution that may become America's pride, a bulwark of true democracy—not the Stalinite variety—graduating its members into public life fully aware of the Communist menace, able and willing to eradicate it. If Communism can be driven from the colleges, its hold on the liberal professions will be weakened, a great step will have been taken to return America to the ideals of the Founders. Wanted: a Youth leader for America!

# MR. PATRICK DONAHOE LIVED CATHOLIC ACTION

## While the new parish thinks of talking about it

DORAN HURLEY

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THE other evening as I passed by on my way to Holy Name hall, Mrs. Patrick Crowley and Tim Sullivan's wife, Katie, were at Mrs. Crowley's gate. The new pastor had called a meeting of the men of the Old Parish to discuss plans for forwarding the cause of Catholic Action. I was early for the meeting so I had time upon my hands to stop and chat a while. At the same time I was more than a little wary of entering into argument with Mrs. Crowley. She might very well be resentful of the fact that the new pastor had initiated the drive for Catholic Action among the men of the parish. Mrs. Crowley is hardly a complete feminist in the accepted modern definition of the term, but she does feel very strongly that when something is to be done, and done well, it takes a woman to do it.

Happily, however, the two women were engrossed in talk of the alarms of war that have reached from Munich and Berchtesgaden, Bratislava and Barcelona, Hankow and Canton as far afield as the quietude of our New England city.

"Well, really, we might just as well not have a radio," Kate Sullivan was saying, "as far as getting any peace and comfort out of the thing goes. As I was saying the other night, I only wish we had kept the old graphophone. At least it would give you a chance to hear some music and relax. But as it is, Tim has had me nearly crazy, switching the stations around every fifteen minutes—with a bulletin on this and a commentary on that. The people that have yelled themselves hoarse in my living room! I've rushed in from the kitchen more than once to tell Tim for Heavens' sake to tune the thing down . . . what will the neighbors be thinking? But he'll tell me it's Hitler or Eden—or somebody else like that—screaming their heads off."

"I never have had one put in," said Mrs. Crowley, "and in a way I'm glad . . . very glad. If there's one place in the parish that that Hitler hasn't had a word to say, then it's in my cottage. I wouldn't have it. Give and take is all very well . . . but with the broadcasting it's the one on the air has the first and last word. Now that's all very right and proper when it's the Holy Father talking down to New Orleans. . . . I went over to Mary Shea's and got that on their set . . . but I'd never even allow the

voice in my house of any of these dictating persecutors. I may be soft, but not that soft."

"Well, it does make you nervous at that," answered Katie. "All this talk of war, war, war. It's worse than 1916. It is upsetting."

"Pooh," said Mrs. Crowley, "Faraway cows have long horns. You know what they say about barking dogs. If you had been through as many alarums of war as I've had, you might well be talking. I wasn't fully grown when the Civil War began, but I was old enough to scrape lint with my mother down in the basement of the old wooden church. And I saw my father off in the Ben de Ford from Long Island in Boston harbor with the Irish Ninth. I remember that well. Didn't my mother let me carry the shiny gold piece all the way home in the little beaded reticule I had at the time? I felt so proud to be entrusted with all that money. I couldn't understand Mama crying when all of a sudden we were so rich."

"Where did you get the gold piece, Mrs. Crowley?" I inquired idly enough.

"Where did I get the gold piece? Don't you know your history, young man?" she turned on me severely. "It was the gold piece came to my father from the ten bags of gold that Patrick Donahoe gave Colonel Cass for the men of the Massachusetts Ninth. Your father-in-law had one," she turned to Katie Sullivan. "He always carried it in a little chamois bag as a pocket-piece. I used to carry my father's and Patrick's in my bag, and when I'd meet the Pope's Johnny we'd compare them to see which had kept the most shiny."

"Oh, I remember Grampa's gold piece," said Katie eagerly. "He carried that for years, up until the World War. Then he insisted on putting that in with some money he had saved from his pension to buy a Liberty Bond. Tim wanted to make up the money for him, for he knew the store he set on that gold piece, but Grampa wouldn't have it. He said Patrick Donahoe would think shame of him when they'd meet above if he held out that money from his country's cause."

"And I'll bet he would!" answered Mrs. Crowley. "He would indeed! He was a great patriot was Mr. Donahoe. He was the three things in one, a great Irishman, a great Catholic, and a great



American. Not that they all don't amount to the same thing in the long run. If you're a true man at any one of them, you're true in them all. I know Mr. Sullivan felt bad about giving it up, but it was the only thing to do. I did the same with Papa's when I heard what the Pope's Johnny did. Patrick's I kept longer. But once, in the height of the depression, when the Little Sisters came around and I hadn't a penny to spare them I thought of the gold piece. And in the name of Patrick and of Mr. Donahoe I gave it to them. I felt worse about that than about losing the first one. But after all, if I had kept it, itself, I wouldn't have it now. It wasn't much later that all gold pieces were called in by the Government."

"Who was this Mr. Donahoe?" I asked. "I don't seem to have heard of him. How did he come to be laden down with gold pieces as far back as the Civil War? Did he win a lucky strike in '49?"

"Then he did not," retorted Mrs. Crowley. "The money Patrick Donahoe made he made by his own efforts, and he made it fair and he made it square, and in the making and in the having, he helped and aided and succored his own. He remembered well landing in Boston and being the only Irish boy and Catholic boy there was in the public school he went to. Many's the time the back of his frieze coat would be chalked with crosses by the other boys who thought that a Catholic was a queer thing entirely."

"If he had been of weaker clay, it might well have turned him from his race and his Faith. Boys are cruel, and boys are conventional, even more so than men. New England is filled with Baptist Sullivans and Methodist Murphys whose grandfathers weren't able to hold out. But Patrick Donahoe held out, and his name instead of being forgotten should be blazed on every Catholic heart."

I looked at my watch. It was nearly time for the meeting in Holy Name hall to begin.

"I'll look forward sometime to hearing you tell me more about this Mr. Donahoe. He sounds worthwhile knowing about," I said to Mrs. Crowley hastily. "But just now I must be on my way. I'm headed for that meeting, Catholic Action, that the new pastor has called, you know. . . ."

"Worth knowing about? Well, I should say he is!" Mrs. Crowley answered me sturdily. "And no better time than the present to get that knowledge, young man. If it's Catholic Action is in it, and you don't know Patrick Donahoe's story, the more shame to you. Don't get fidgety. I won't hold you too long, but if the new pastor asks for suggestions about Catholic Action I'll give you something to go on."

"You know, or you should, that the greatest Catholic influence in this country holding our people and their Faith together, outside the scattered and hardworking clergy, was the Boston *Pilot*. Well, Patrick Donahoe established that paper with H. L. Devereux as far back as 1836, and made a going thing of it. The very list of the writers he had working for them is the chant of Catholic letters, Aguecheek and Laffan, Thomas D'Arcy McGee and Boyle O'Reilly, Anna Dorsey and James

Jeffrey Roche and Fathers Roddan and Finotti.

"The *Pilot* made money, but did Patrick Donahoe spend it on wild race horses and diamond rings? He did not. He founded the Home for Destitute Catholic Children and helped greatly in the founding of the American College in Rome. This is the kind of a man he was. When St. John's Church on Moore street in Boston was outgrown, he felt the need of a Catholic school in that neighborhood, so what did he do but buy the church building and turn it over to Archbishop Williams for that purpose."

"I have told you about the gold pieces he distributed to the men of the Massachusetts Ninth, and to the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, too, the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, in the Civil War. I wouldn't have time to tell you all the other things he did for the men, and to take care of their families, while the men were away at the War. The *Pilot* supported Mr. Lincoln zealously, and when Governor Andrews presented the Faugh-a-Ballaghs with the flag of the Commonwealth at Camp Cameron in Cambridge, Mr. Donahoe at the same time presented the regiment with the green flag of Ireland."

"No man was a more devoted friend of Father Mathew when the Apostle of Temperance came to this country, nor did more to smooth his path and make his great mission fruitful. And no man suffered misfortune with more Christian Catholic grace. When the Great Fire in Boston, in 1872, destroyed the *Pilot* plant and press, and plunged Patrick Donahoe into ruin, he started all over again. And when a second fire again brought destruction, and Archbishop Williams bought a major interest in the newspaper to help this great Catholic layman regain his feet, he paid back the good Archbishop and all his creditors in a short time, and once again was the *Pilot's* sole owner. Not only that, he established *Donahoe's* magazine, and the like of it we haven't today for all our culture. It was in *Donahoe's* that Ethna Carberry and Colonel Patrick Guiney's daughter, Louise, did their best work. My own set of the bound volumes is in the parish library. Look them up, boy, if you want to read good writing."

"Catholic Action, is it? Patrick Donahoe *was* Catholic Action. He was recognized once, even if he seems to be forgotten now. Notre Dame University gave him the Laetare Medal in 1893 for his signal contributions to American Catholic progress. And well they might. Yet you tell me you never heard of him. Julius Caesar was right; the good men do dies with their bones."

"No, no, Mrs. Crowley . . . lives after them," I corrected her.

"Then see to it," said she, "that you get up there tonight and tell the men of this parish—for one group at least—what I have told you of Patrick Donahoe. If one one-hundredth of what *he* did comes out of the lot of you in a hundred years time, then Catholic Action will set the world ablaze. But pshaw," she said, "you people will talk Catholic Action until the cows come home. The man I speak of *lived* it."

MANY years ago we propounded the theory that it is the business of directors to direct. The theory was novel at the time. In some quarters it is still novel. Directors remain mere figure-heads in some corporations, while in others they are bait to catch the unwary.

True a slight degree of improvement has followed legislation enacted in the last twenty years. But even so, a dozen scandals since 1930 have resulted in the loss of millions of dollars to depositors. In a majority of these cases, the existing legislation would have been adequate had it been enforced. In the others, dishonest directors were able to plot with success new forms of dishonesty against which no legislation existed.

While modern business cannot be wholly purged of dishonesty by legislation alone, this does not mean that legislation is useless. Too many corporations act on the principle that whatever is legal, or can possibly be construed as legal, is wholly right and proper. Were it not for the restraining influence of the law, modern business would be a battle from which only the most dishonest and ruthless could emerge unscathed. The difficulty is that as often as purifying laws are enacted, some unholy genius discovers a method of evading them, or of violating them by secret manipulations.

Better protection would be afforded the public by legislation more narrowly defining the duties of a director, and imposing penalties for neglect or for improper performance. Theoretically, a director occupies a position of trust and is responsible to the owners of the business. He must acquaint himself with every essential detail so that the interests of the owners are safeguarded against neglect or dishonesty. If he fails to do this, and more, if knowing his duty, he acts dishonestly, he is guilty of grave moral fault. In this latter case, he is bound to make restitution, and also in some cases in which the loss is due not to dishonesty, but to neglect. Hence, should a director find that he is unable to do the work of a director, he is morally bound either to procure a substitute, whose activities he will carefully supervise and for whom he makes himself fully responsible, or to resign.

How little these principles are regarded in modern corporations is shown by the fact that many capitalists still serve as directors in scores, and some, in hundreds of different companies. Plainly it is physically impossible for these men to fulfil the duties of a director, or even to supervise the activities of their substitutes.

It is not encouraging to observe that a lady whose husband occupies a high place in the Government recently announced that she would attend the directors' meetings of her company "two or three times a year." Perhaps that will be sufficient, but this airy way of dismissing the duties of a director does not set a good example in these slippery days. We cannot put aside the principle that it is the duty of a director to direct, not to be a figure-head.

## WHITEWASH

NO other phrase will describe the report of the Sheppard Committee which has been investigating the use of funds to purchase elections. The Committee admits that this dishonest practice was shockingly common in several States, but no one is responsible, and no one, not even of those who profited by this corruption, is guilty. Evidently the Committee does not rate the intelligence of the American people very highly, or it would not have submitted this ridiculous report. A few officials in jail would do more to suppress corruption than the Committee's plea for new legislation.

## WAR AND OUR

THE United States must prepare and support the largest armament of any country in the world to cope with "any Government bristling with implements of war." The United States, instead of reducing its investments, must increase them.

These two sentences sum up the President's Message to Congress on January 4.

It has long been evident that the President's thoughts and ambitions have been diverted from their earlier tendency to favor plans for disarmament. Even before his unexpected Chicago speech, this diversion was fairly clear to those who had followed his varying policies, but since that time the President's attention, as indicated by his public speeches, has been fixed upon larger armaments. Evidently the President is convinced that the only way to insure peace is to build an army and a navy larger than any the world has yet seen. He has no confidence in treaties, or in plans for universal disarmament, even for limitations upon armaments. At the same time, he observes in his Message, the United States must not assume the position of an aggressor nation.

Frankly, the President's attitude on armaments leaves us puzzled. He could hardly have spoken more forcibly had plans for an invasion of this country been recently discovered, or had an enemy fleet been sighted off San Francisco and New York. Yet as far as the public is aware, we have no cause for war against any country, and none is plotting war against us.

Does the President mean that the United



## HONESTY

BY way of contrast, examine the preliminary report of the Dies Committee. The members of this body cite names, places and dates, and instead of deploring the alleged insufficiency of existing legislation, show clearly that bodies of Communists and other law-breakers are at work in this country, in violation of the law, but with the protection of high Federal officials. Whatever may be said of this Committee, it cannot be accused of cowardice or, what is the same thing, of playing the political game. This Committee has but begun its work, and should be continued by Congress.

## OUR INVESTMENTS

States is bound to meet with "effective protest acts of aggression against sister nations—acts which automatically undermine all of us" and to enforce the protest by our army and navy? If that is his meaning, what "acts of aggression" has he in mind?

Possibly the reference is to the attacks on liberty which have occurred in Germany and Russia. But what part of the Constitution, or what rational consideration, binds us to protest dictatorship in Germany and Russia (keeping a blind but favorable eye on dictatorship in Mexico and at Barcelona) and to support our protest with the most powerful army and navy in the world?

A source of danger to democracy—whatever that term may mean—can be found by the President nearer home. It is found in the groups of foreign Communists and other radicals against whom the Dies Committee has protested, but who still enjoy the protection of the Secretary of Labor and of other high officials at Washington. Let us expel this grimy crew before we begin to protest Hitler.

As for the President's Pollyannaish theory that the United States has made no expenditures in the last six years, but only "investments," and that we must increase our holdings, we say in all respect that this sounds to us like unadulterated financial bunk. But even allowing the theory, the time comes when investments must be checked, or even liquidated. One is when for years you have spent, like the United States, far more than your income.

## TOLERATION

WE sincerely hope that the new Attorney-General will distinguish himself in his official career by his solicitude to protect the rights of all. It is occasionally assumed today that corporations have no rights which the Government is bound to respect, and that in sit-down strikes and other labor controversies the employer is always the offender. That assumption means that the mental machinery has bogged down. In a private citizen, it may have no evil effects, except to the citizen himself. In a public official, it is apt to foment labor wars, and promote general disrespect for law.

That is why we hope that the new Attorney General will hold the scales evenly balanced. Well may he take as his guiding principle the teaching of Leo XIII: "Rights must be religiously respected wherever they exist; and it is the duty of the public authority to prevent and to punish injury, and to protect everyone in the possession of his own."

But at the outset of his official career, the Attorney General should provide himself with a new press agent. He needs one badly.

In what appears to be a press release published in the New York *Herald Tribune* for January 2, frequent reference is made to the Attorney General's "autobiographical sketch." It depicts a farm home of which the head was a former Fenian, and the mother "a pious Roman Catholic who hoped that her son would enter the priesthood." The boy milked the cows and worked in a starch factory, and as a young man matriculated at a State university where he became famous as "the college spellbinder." The college lad was popular, and this is understandable for "his mother had carefully trained him to be tolerant." Her method was simple. When a Negro passed in the street, she would observe that he was a high-class citizen, and "she used to praise one of the local Jewish merchants." As a final lesson in tolerance, however, this "pious Roman Catholic" mother "took her son to Methodist and Baptist as well as Catholic services."

It will be remembered that these are not the words of the mother. They are the words of the son, recorded in an autobiographical sketch.

Every Catholic knows, of course, that for him participation in non-Catholic religious functions is absolutely forbidden. He also knows that a Catholic parent who takes his child to a function of this kind, is guilty of an act which, objectively, is a very grave sin against Faith. In the present case, the presence of the child was not meant to be merely a physical participation. The purpose was that he should imbibe at least to some degree the doctrine taught in these non-Catholic assemblies, observe the demeanor of the worshippers, and from these and other heads, learn "toleration." That, obviously, is a program which no pious Catholic mother would adopt, and which no Catholic parent may adopt. By the natural and the Divine law, the Catholic child is to be carefully shielded from any influence which might in the least weaken his hold on the Faith once delivered to the Saints, and every

means must be employed to educate him as a Catholic.

Probably what the Attorney General means is that his mother tried to teach him to be "tolerant" of all who are not Catholics. But that is not Catholic teaching. The Church takes her doctrine from Our Blessed Lord, and that doctrine is not toleration. It is love. The law of Christian charity includes all men, even Hitler and Stalin. But it does not include their doctrines.

Here we have the key, known to every well-instructed Catholic. We do not tolerate non-Catholics. We strive to love them. But our love does not extend to their doctrines which, in fact, we cannot even tolerate. Our Blessed Lord loved the sinner, but He did not love or tolerate his sins.

The Catholic sincerely believes that by the mercy of God, he has been called to be a member of the one true Church, commissioned by Our Lord Jesus Christ to preach His Gospel to all men unto the end of time. Any teaching contrary to the teaching of the Church, he must at once reject. Jesus Christ, eternal God, promised that the Holy Spirit would remain with His Church, shielding it from all error. He is all-powerful; therefore He can fulfil what He promises. He is all-truthful; therefore He has fulfilled what He has promised. Hence no Catholic can possibly tolerate religious error, any more than the physician, loving the sick person, can tolerate disease, or the mathematician, loving accuracy, can tolerate the assertion that six times six is sixty-six.

In these days of looseness in faith as well as in morals, we must keep our feet on solid ground. We can and must live in Christian charity with all men, regardless of their religious views, or lack of them. But we cannot love or tolerate their errors. That "toleration" means, in the long run, that one religion is as good as another, or that it makes little difference whether or not a man practises any religion. But that position makes a liar of Him who is Eternal Truth.

## WAGES AND HOURS

IT is not surprising to learn from the Gallup poll that about seven out of every ten Americans favor the present Federal wages-and-hours act. Of the dissidents, it is probable that very many agree with the principle on which the Act is founded, but criticize the method of administration. What is somewhat surprising, however, is the report that fifty-six per cent of the employers approve the Act.

The poll did not put the question, but we believe that few will see in the Act a satisfactory solution of the problem of the living wage. It is but a step to a solution, and that is its chief value. It proposes to put a "floor" under wages and a "ceiling" over working hours, and if properly administered may point out a way of securing, as far as the Federal Government can secure it, a living wage for every sober and industrious worker. No one can assert that the minimum prescribed by the Act approaches that wage.

## ROSES AND MARRIAGE

JUNE is the traditional month for roses and marriages, and sometimes we may think that the roses fare better than the marriages. For the roses come into being at the behest of God Who in His goodness wishes to give us something very beautiful. They bud and bloom, delighting our senses by their perfume and color, and then, again as God wills, the petals fall, and there are no more roses, but only stems and thorns.

Some marriages bud, but they do not bloom, and almost from the beginning they are stems and thorns. Occasionally, no great fault is to be attributed to either party. Either might have been happy with a different partner, but their temperaments are mutually incompatible. Oftener, there is fault, not great in itself, but great because it leads to serious rifts. Little acts of selfishness, of unwillingness to be faithful to the smaller duties of the married life, of exhibitions of bad temper, are not in themselves grave sins, but they can be, and often are, very grave in their effects.

Ultimately, however, many unhappy marriages can be traced to the fact that they were not marriages which Our Blessed Lord and His Mother would have blessed. They are "mixed" marriages, or they are marriages which have been contracted for reasons from which all consideration of the supernatural has been banished. A partner is chosen because of physical attractiveness, or because of wealth or social position, and no thought is given to the truth that marriage is a life-long contract imposing serious duties which cannot be properly fulfilled without God's grace. Small wonder is it that marriages of this kind bring only bitterness and disillusion, and are often terminated by separation or divorce.

The Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John ii, 1-11) gives us a charming picture of a rustic wedding attended by Our Lord with His disciples, and by His Mother. It was an occasion of merriment and feasting, sober yet exceedingly cheerful, for it was apparently supervised by Our Blessed Lady. She seems to have been particularly solicitous about the wine. Probably the number of guests was larger than the young couple had looked for; in any case, she noticed that the wine was beginning to run low. In her kindness of heart, she wished to spare the young couple the embarrassment which would follow should a guest call for wine and be told there was none, and she appeals to her Son, confident that He will grant her petition. At her request, He changes the water into wine.

What happened to these young people in later life, the Scriptures do not tell us. Probably they had their ups and downs like other married couples, but we may be sure that they never forgot their wedding day, hallowed by the presence of Jesus and Mary. Would that all young couples thinking of marriage could realize that they too by a truly Catholic wedding, prepared for by truly Catholic lives, can have Jesus and Mary with them on the great day! There would, then, be fewer divorces and more homes filled with happiness.



# CHRONICLE

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THE CONGRESS. One of the first tasks awaiting the incoming 76th Congress was the report of the Committee on Campaign Expenditures, composed of four Democratic Senators and one Republican. The Committee revealed that the WPA in Kentucky, Tennessee and Pennsylvania had employed funds, appropriated for those in distress, for political purposes. It disclosed that accusations made against the WPA in Kentucky, which Harry L. Hopkins had denied, were in reality true. The remarks of Aubrey Williams, Deputy WPA Administrator, were denounced by the Committee. Mr. Williams had told a group of relief workers: "We've got to keep our friends in power." This, the Committee felt, was "a form of coercion contrary to public policy and the spirit of our Government." The Committee made sixteen recommendations with the view of preventing future use of relief money for political objectives. . . . The Dies Committee on Un-American Activities submitted its report. The report accused Secretaries Ickes and Perkins of trying to sabotage its activities. The Committee, asserting it had merely scratched the surface of Communist and Nazi machinations in the United States, asked that it be given \$150,000 for a two-year inquiry. The report charged the Labor Department was not enforcing the deportation laws, asked for an investigation of the National Labor Relations Board, to ascertain if it approves of "the Communist views" of David J. Saposs, its chief economist. Many workers in the Federal Theatre Project, certain employes in the Federal Writers Project openly engaged in Communistic activities, the report declared. . . . It was reported that President Roosevelt requested his leaders in the House to prevent the Dies Committee from obtaining authority and appropriations to continue its work. Informed this was impossible, he then asked that the La Follette Senate Committee be given more money so that it would overshadow the Dies Committee.

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PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE. The President devoted about half of his message to the 76th Congress to affairs occurring outside the jurisdiction of the United States. "Storms from abroad," he alleged, threaten the nation's institutions. "The democracies," he insisted, "cannot forever let pass, without effective protest, acts of aggression against sister nations. . . . There are many methods short of war . . . of bringing home to aggressor governments the aggregate sentiments of our own people." He assailed the present neutrality laws, called for strong armed forces and defenses "against dangers which we cannot safely assume will not come." . . . Hinting at the need for changes in the labor laws, he maintained the necessity for reorganization of "the

executive processes." . . . The New Deal reforms, he implied, are now completed and "Our full energies may now be released to invigorate the processes of recovery in order to preserve our reforms." Calling for continuation of Federal spending, which he referred to as Federal investment, the President declared that a union of idle capital and idle labor would lift the national income from \$60,000,000,000 to \$80,000,000,000, substantially reduce unemployment and yield enough taxes, under present laws, to balance Federal income and expenses. . . . European opinion regarded the President's desire to erase the neutrality laws as especially significant. The Loyalist Government in Barcelona was reported to be particularly pleased with this section of the Roosevelt message.

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THE ADMINISTRATION. A State Department note to Japan insisted on maintenance of the Open Door policy in China. . . . Frank Murphy, ex-Governor of Michigan, was named Attorney General of the United States. . . . President Roosevelt appointed a committee of ten to raise money necessary to finance shipment of flour to Spain. According to Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, Washington correspondents, who are believed to have access to White House information, the move is designed to aid the Loyalists. They say: "It may seem like a long jump between Franco's drive against Barcelona and American wheat shipments to Spain, but there is a connection between them. U. S. flour shipments were deliberately planned to keep the Loyalists alive and fighting during the winter. Furthermore, they were planned by the President himself, in part to make up for the short-sighted policy of the State Department when it opposed lifting the Spanish embargo last May." . . . A \$9,000,000,000 budget was suggested for the fiscal year 1940 by the President. It includes more than \$2,000,000,000 for national defense. The new year will mark the tenth successive Federal net deficit. By July 1940, the President estimated, the gross Federal debt will be \$44,458,000,000, just \$500,000,000 under the limit allowed by law. The President proposes to request Congress to raise the limit, it was disclosed. . . . Felix Frankfurter, Harvard law professor, was appointed to the Supreme Court.

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AT HOME. R. A. Faul resigned from the Farm Security Administration declaring that the cooperative-farm plan sponsored by this Federal bureau is like that of the Soviets. He said: "From my knowledge of the Soviet economic set-up, I would say about the only difference between this cooperative-farm plan and that operated in Russia is that the Government is paid its share of the gross in-

come in cash instead of kind." . . . The National Council of Catholic Men, characterizing the persecution of the Catholic Church in Spain by the Loyalists as "the most cruel persecution the world has witnessed for centuries," announced it would petition Congress to strengthen the Neutrality Act so that this would prevent shipments of munitions to armies in "civil as well as international conflicts." . . . Bishop Thomas F. Lillis, of Kansas City, died at the age of seventy-seven. . . . Asserting his belief that the New York City locals of the American Federation of Teachers were controlled by Stalinists of the Communist party, Professor John L. Childs, of Columbia University, resigned from the organization.

SPAIN. Generalissimo Franco continued blasting away at the Loyalist forces on a front stretching one hundred miles. The Franco right wing captured Granadella, eighteen miles south of Lerida, while his center was breaking the Leftist lines near Balaguer. The Nationalists captured Cubell, ten miles northeast of Balaguer, occupied Albages twelve miles southeast of Lerida. In the first ten days of his offensive, Franco added 750 square miles to his territory, captured 16,000 prisoners. On the Valencia front, the Nationalist brigades pierced the Leftist lines at Vall de Uxo, twelve miles north of Sagunto. Franco columns smashed their way to Artesa de Segre, thirty miles northeast of Lerida, and to Borjas Blancas, key to the Leftist defense of Tarragona. . . . A Leftist destroyer attempted to slip out of Gibraltar, but was driven ashore by Nationalist warships. . . . Ernest Golding, British Pro-Consul at San Sebastian was arrested by the Nationalist Government in connection with the documents revealing military information which were carried in a British diplomatic pouch to France. . . . General Franco in a New Year amnesty decree commuted fifty death sentences, pardoned numerous political prisoners.

CHINA-JAPAN. Prince Fumimaro Konoye, Japanese Premier for nineteen months, resigned, was succeeded by Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma. Divergent views on the National Mobilization Act, which entrusts the Government with full powers over economic and social life, caused the Konoye retirement. He had invoked only a portion of the Act; influential elements pressed for application of all provisions of the Act. . . . In China, guerrilla warfare continued in widely separated sections. . . . Former Chinese Premier Wang Ching-wei issued a public statement to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and leading Chinese officials urging peace talks with Japan on the basis of the recently offered Japanese terms. The Kuomintang Executive Committee, with General Chiang Kai-shek presiding, met at Chungking, and expelled Wang Ching-wei from the party and from government positions for "deserting his post and suing for peace in opposition to national policy." General Chiang arrested many of the Wang followers. The Chiang Govern-

ment announced penalties for all Chinese who participate in puppet regimes created by the Japanese in China.

FRANCE. The French Chamber of Deputies passed an amnesty bill for Frenchmen who did not answer mobilization orders during the September war crisis because they were fighting in Spain. Deputy Valentin declared 20,000 to 30,000 Frenchmen were fighting with the Red army in Spain. "We would have been short those two divisions if there had been war," he said. An Alsatian deputy inquired of the Leftists if they thought the Alsations should be mobilized one hundred per cent "while your so-called heroes go to fight in Spain, not for France but for their party." . . . Premier Edouard Daladier received a warm welcome during his visit to Corsica. As his convoying fleet circled the island, he addressed Corsican throngs, telling them the warships they saw assured them of security. In Tunisia, a French protectorate, the Premier was greeted by cheering crowds. An anti-French demonstration by young Arabs clamoring for Tunisian independence was broken up by police. Italians demanded equal rights for Tunisian Italians. Anti-Italian demonstrations staged in Tunisia during the Premier's visit angered the Italian press.

GERMANY. Referring to its protest against the anti-German speech of Secretary Ickes, the Reich Government issued a communiqué declaring: "The American State Department, in contradiction to the usual procedure in such matters, instead of dissociating itself from the utterances of the Secretary of the Interior, tried to defend them. It must be said, therefore, that as long as this policy is to be followed which manifestly serves Jewish interests but ignores German-American relations, hopes for better relations are without foundation." . . . Girls between eighteen and twenty-five who desire to engage in remunerative tasks must serve one year in the labor service, a new Reich decree proclaimed.

FOOTNOTES. During the visit to Rome of British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, he and his party will pay an official call on the Pope and will give a State dinner for the College of Cardinals. . . . The Syrian Government demanded immediate independence from France. France holds a League of Nations mandate over Syria. The French Foreign Relations Committee refused to ratify the 1936 French-Syrian pact promising Syria independence in 1939. . . . Robert Briscoe, the only Jewish deputy in the Irish Parliament, visited the United States in the interest of the Zionist movement. . . . Furious fighting continued in Palestine. . . . A tax on bachelors was announced by Brazil. . . . Cardinal Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw, died at the age of seventy-six. Msgr. Achille Ratti, once Nuncio to Poland, now Pope Pius XI, was consecrated Archbishop in Cardinal Kakowski's Cathedral.



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## SOUND SO GRAND ON

EDITOR: I quote from Father Daly's article on Father Prout: "Little more is remembered of him today than that he is the author of that amusing jingle, *The Bells of Shandon*."

I can stomach the word *jingle*, since the author so evidently tried to simulate the tintinnabulation of the bells. But surely Father Daly went far afield to find an adjective to describe that poem when he uses the word *amusing*.

I have lately run across an accompaniment for this song carrying out still farther, shall we say, the jingle effect, and when I sing that song it brings back to me my father's voice singing it, as it brought back to him the peace and charm of a Sunday morning in Ireland.

Not being a person of great erudition as is the reverend author of this article, the nostalgic cry of an Irish exile rouses in my untutored breast no feeling of amusement.

Meriden, Conn.

AGNES P. O'BRIEN

## OLD PAGAN NOTION

EDITOR: I liked your characterization of Communism as "reactionary" in your editorial of December 31. Think of what could be accomplished in clearing the minds of so many people in this country if publications generally—secular and religious—would use the label "reactionary Communism." Doesn't any "tote" regime revert to the old pagan notion of the state being all and the individual nothing? This is certainly as true of the Soviet Union as the rest of the "all" governments.

But be careful, or the good comrades will be down on you with their picket lines. After all, haven't you heard that the Communists are the only real twentieth-century democrats?

New York, N. Y.

J. P. KELLIHER

## BAND WAGON

EDITOR: I have read AMERICA for December 10, and frankly, I am surprised at the editorial which tries to explain that President Roosevelt made a great error by opposing Senator Walter F. George, of Georgia. I recall that during 1928, when Al Smith ran for President on the Democratic ticket, how this same Senator went up and down the State of Georgia telling people that if Al Smith should win, his cabinet would be filled with "niggers" and the Pope would run the United States. How a Catholic editor can defend Senator George and at the same time denounce Hitler is beyond me.

I am a Socialist; therefore, I do not always see

eye to eye with President Roosevelt; but if, as you claimed, \$1,800,000 from PWA funds and a loan of \$2,200,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was used to swing the election, this is one time that I find myself in complete agreement with the President, for George went through the last Senatorial election talking about "niggers" and would have mentioned the Catholics and Jews as he did in 1928, but it is not popular to do so now.

In other words, everybody is a hypocrite and is making believe that he is in love with the Jews at this time, because they (the Jews) will brand anyone who does not jump on the band wagon as a Fascist or Nazi.

New York, N. Y.

L. F. COLES

## WHAT—TOO FAR?

EDITOR: As a fair-minded person, I deplore your tendencies towards aiding and abetting Fascism, suppression of free speech, censorship of movies, and most of all, Jew baiting.

If you Catholics carry this holier-than-thou censorship and sticking your nose in everyone's business too far, the Ku Klux Klan and every sort of reactionary organization will be against you. Look at Germany.

East Avion, N. Y.

C. H. STODDARD

## G. K. C.

EDITOR: Your sensitive, deeply understanding editorial about the late Mr. and Mrs. Chesterton (December 24) aroused memories of my meeting with them in London. . . .

Mr. Chesterton was scheduled for a debate with a Mr. Bentley. The topic: *The Ethics of Modern Journalism*. It became a witty, good natured verbal tournament, with Mr. Chesterton carrying his shield for the negative with true Chestertonian force. Unprepared and, as I recall it now, unabashed (probably American assurance helped), I responded to the invitation of the chairman to give an opinion as an American visitor. I rebutted, if that be the correct verb, Mr. Chesterton. The women in the audience, including Mrs. Chesterton, greeted this with approving "Hear, Hears." Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Chesterton and the debater on the other side planned an impromptu supper for this Yankee guest at one of the old inns Mr. Chesterton loved.

Your editorial refers to the harmony of spirit and lofty conjugal love between this couple. It was most impressive and very obvious.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ADELAIDE MARGARET DELANY

# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA: DRAMA OF THE SPIRIT OF SPAIN

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

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I ARRIVED at Santiago for the feast of the Apostle Saint James late in the evening. The bus from Coruña was packed with the usual throng of pilgrims such as Chaucer described in the *Canterbury Tales*—peasants, workers, soldiers, sailors, colonels and fat women with children and big bundles. There had been a great deal of laughter and singing all the way down and except for the posters in the beautiful pink and white Galician towns one would never imagine that a war was going on.

All Spain was there—in that fantastically beautiful and ancient jumble of stone streets, stone houses and church spires. Trainloads of Navarrese had arrived in the morning with their red hats and their small children and their wounded sons. From Sevilla, Salamanca and Saragossa came the soft-voiced Andalusians, the austere, proud Castilians and Aragonese. Pilgrims limped in on foot, some crawling the last few miles on their knees, some few astride burros. They were still pouring into the city like a great river, overflowing from hotels and houses to the porches of the churches into the very cathedral itself.

The hotel clerks chanted their refrain. "No rooms. Sorry señor. No rooms. Try the Alameda Palace." There was not a room to be had. In one of the hotels I met an actor whom I knew in Burgos. I embraced him as a brother and begged him to let me stay with him. But the best he could do was to offer me a bath and a ticket for the play. "There are four already in my room," he explained, "and we need a little sleep for tomorrow. Luis (he was the director), he'll rehearse us all night and then have the whole troupe up for Mass and Communion in the morning."

The situation called for thought. A Spanish girl once gave me a magnificent piece of advice on how to solve personal crises in Spain. "When lost or stranded," she said, "look about you, pick out the most formidable dowager you see and throw yourself on her mercy. Big strong women over forty are to railway conductors and hotel clerks what the mongoose is to the reptile. If they take you under their protection the cause is won." The advice had been helpful in the past and I resolved to

try it once more. Unfortunately, although I peered up and down the stage sets which were the streets of Santiago, I did not sight a single sail. The dowagers were either tucking away their huge Spanish dinners or telling their beads.

The next best thing to a dowager is a Civil Guard, the incorruptibles in the tri-cornered patent leather hats. I found one of them very easily and explained my plight and he took me to a little house wedged underneath an arch.

The High Mass at the Cathedral of Santiago on the feast of the Apostle is unique in all Christendom. Sevilla, perhaps, has the edge on the matter of officious altar boys, and Burgos has the most mumbling choir, but Santiago has so many incongruities that it appears normal. Marquesas and fishwives, Knights of Malta and potato-colored countrymen, priests and penitents, archbishops and beggars are packed together so tightly that you could not arrest a pickpocket without first prying him loose from his prey. You groan rather than recite your prayers.

The Mass is interrupted immediately after the consecration when the Archbishop, and then the head of the state, according to a traditional custom, address the huge audience. Today it was not General Franco who was on the high altar, but his representative, Serrano Suñer, imperially slim and handsome. When the Archbishop finished his discourse, Serrano rose and began to talk in a low vibrant voice. "Señor Apostol (Mr. Apostle)," he began, "we Spaniards love you because you are above all a Spaniard. . . ." He recalled how Saint James had brought the same gospel to Spain which Spain was now defending and how on the battlefield at Brunete the Saint himself was said to have appeared riding his white horse. "Of course," he continued, "we're not sure you did appear, Santiago, but we know that if Spain needed you, you were there. For you are truly one with Spain—brave, ardent, tempestuous, military. . . ."

Brave, ardent, tempestuous, military—yes, truly Spanish. What Alfred is to the Saxons and Patrick to the Irish and Michael to all Christendom, Saint James is to the Spaniard. His stamp is on all of



them, not only on the Knights of Santiago and Calatrava beneath whose splendid robes I could spy the shabby khaki of the private soldier, not only on the titled descendants of the Crusaders, but also on the thousands of pilgrims whose forefathers were the dreaded infantry of Gonsalvo de Cordoba and Alba, and whose war cry "Santiago" stuck terror in the hearts of the enemy.

I left the Cathedral stirred by the discovery that the ancient Spain of the crusades had never died. It lived here with an intensity that shattered all smugness. It isn't English or American or, despite a surface similarity, Irish. It is a contagious fire that has never been put out, in which all thought of self is burnt and purged away. I wandered outside the city partly to escape the crowds and partly to reorganize myself. I had been told by a loveable old Franciscan that there were several very interesting churches a few kilometers beyond the walls which were not mentioned in the guide books.

The churches were fascinating, especially the magnificent Romanesque chapel of Santo Domingo. Santo Domingo is the most chaste and virile thing I have ever seen. Its arches have the utter simplicity of the Roman. The altar consists of a stone slab and a stone cross. Gazing at the altar from the rear of the church has the effect of washing the mind. I felt free and clean merely being there and realizing that I was the last in the long procession of Christians who from the ninth century to the present had been chilled into reverence by the sight of that stone cross.

I picked up a handbill in a cafe and found that the play was called *The House of the Madmen*. A seventeenth-century religious piece adapted by the director of the state theatre, Luis Escobar, it had been presented before the cathedrals of Avila, Segovia, Saragossa and Leon. I went to the Cathedral Square long before the play was scheduled to begin and luxuriated in my chair.

The setting was unimaginable. Immediately before me and the 5,000 other early arrivals was the great bulk of the Cathedral, its three spires shooting up to the blue sky where they seemed to be tangled with the stars. In Spain they call the milky way the *Camino de Santiago*—the way of Saint James—because it starts at Santiago, traversing the same route the Apostle followed in evangelizing Spain, until it ends at the shrine of the Virgin of Pilar in Saragossa. And from Santiago to Saragossa the Revolution never left a mark! A raised wooden platform was built up against the Cathedral steps with loudspeakers on either side. Facing the Cathedral was the gorgeous *Ayuntamiento*, once the Archbishop's palace, now brilliant with lights, and opposite the hospital and bustling with officials, was the old college of San Martin. The whole history of Spain from the fourteenth century to the present seemed to be telescoped in the Plaza de Santiago.

The diplomatic corps and the Minister of the Interior arrived with their escort of Galician pipers playing traditional tunes reminiscent of the Irish and the Scotch. The pipers wound in and out the aisles and finally out into the town to provide

music for the other thousands who had no ticket for the *auto sacramental*. The eerie screech of the bagpipes had hardly faded before the spotlights illumined the stage and a player stepped forth to recite the prolog.

The play, he said, was the expression of Spain's historical essence. Its revival coincided with Spain's rejection of the materialistic philosophies of naturalism and Marxism and her return to those truths which in Spain's golden age produced so many saints and heroes. What we would see, said the prolog in the eloquent Spanish of Luis Escobar, was the soul of man distracted from her true end by the devil and his accomplices, lust, avarice, pride and the other vices, incarcerated in the house of the mad, but finally saved by her guardian angel and the inspiration of Grace. The real Hero of the play is Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament through Whom all men of good will can receive the Grace to repent their follies and escape the snares of Satan. It was a magnificent prolog, and I do it an injustice in this summary.

Then the play began. It was beautifully acted and recited. The inspiring quality of the poetry, the solemnity of the occasion and the sheer magic of the setting keyed up actors and audience alike. The whole cast, as I found out later, had been to Mass and Communion in the morning and they were all proud to support the Hero of the play. As the soul was tempted and swayed first to the devil and then to the guardian angel and finally yielded momentarily to passion, it required no vivid imagination to see in the place of the soul Spain herself—the Spain of the nineteenth century with her indecision, her sloth, her own momentary acceptance of the world.

I knew enough about the *auto sacramental* in general to know how this one must end but I was nevertheless astonished at the conclusion. The soul of man, agonized with repentance after the brief sojourn in the house of the mad, fights her way out, resists the final assault of the vices and is led by the guardian angels up the steps of the cathedral. With the first step of the ascent the choir of Falange, hidden behind the stage, burst into the *Ave Maria*, the bells of Santiago pealed forth, the great doors of the Cathedral opened and a majestic procession of acolytes, canons, bishops and archbishops, in all their glorious vestments, with the red glow of the altar lamp in the background, advanced to receive man and to lead him into the sanctuary of the church. With the triumphant bells and the choir of Falange singing the recessional, the soul entered the cathedral and the doors swung shut. "Amen," sang the choir, the bells fell silent and floodlights drenched the plaza.

A small voice inside me said—"Now, you see. That is what Spain was, and that is what she wants to be again." Better than a thousand speeches by ministers of state and religion, the play told me what was going on in the heart of Spain. A national play on the national feast, and the hero was God Himself. I looked up at the witnessing stars and wondered whether this could happen any place else in the world.

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## LAY BROTHERS

You are the hands of Christ, His calloused hands,  
Blistered and horny from the saw and plane.  
Before they, in their mercy, salved a pain,  
They pulled a heavy boat in on the sands.  
They were for use, His strong and able hands.

You are the feet of Christ, His tired feet.  
Let others show His mind—you have the best.  
You go rough-shod like Him upon His quest.  
He had to walk on foot through sun and sleet,  
Save on Palm Sunday, He employed His feet.

You are the mates of Christ, His dearest friends,  
With whom He loves to sit and yarn awhile.  
A working man is surest of His smile,  
And He will say to you when living ends:  
"Come, make yourselves at home my friends—my  
friends."

EILEEN DUGGAN

## MARRIAGE

Not in a tranced romantic air  
Does the lone tower stand:  
Glitter the stars, but it shows bare  
And stern on shifting sand.

Weak are our hearts; yet to one flesh  
Indomitable will  
Can bring each perilous day afresh  
The unfathomed miracle,

By which the ancient pledge, renewed  
By its own brave decree,  
Gives ardor, candor, fortitude,  
And granite constancy.

THEODORE MAYNARD

## PEACE

We ask for peace, no, not the coward peace  
That will not suffer and that dare not fight,  
But for the peace of Mary, bittersweet,  
The peace of Christmas night.

Pricked by the straw and shivering in the cold  
And wrapped in swaddling clothes her Infant lay:  
What bitter sorrow and what ecstasy  
Fused in her heart that day.

That was her peace—sorrow and gladness blended,  
A mighty *Fiat* bursting from her soul . . .  
We are Christ's soldiers, asking the peace of Mary  
While drums of battle roll.

We do not seek the peace of base surrender,  
But the soldier's peace who, watching bullets fly,  
Glories in the battle, is proud to suffer,  
Is not afraid to die.

CARMEN DE ARANGO

## ANCHORHOLD

It was a little silkworm taught it to me.  
Patiently he spun his magic thread;  
It mattered not that curious eyes beheld him,  
Nor what they said.

Fast to the leafy twigs he bound his lattice,  
Skillfully he wove under the moon,  
Then walled him in, dead to the wind and weather,  
In his gold cocoon.

To die, to slough his outgrown shell forever;  
And, then, to rise transfigured, free on wing!  
You could not know, my little earth-born brother,  
You taught this thing:

That I may build an anchorhold within me,  
And seal me in my narrow inner cell,  
One window for the world, one for Another—  
I'll guard them well!

And there I'll shed my earthiness forever,  
And, reincarnate, in the golden morn,  
I shall take wing, and bear home to my lover  
Myself newborn.

SISTER MARY CANISIUS

## PROXY

The Saints were quite a hardy bunch.  
They had a vision and a hunch,  
And so they did without their lunch.

But now the men of modern nations  
Are advocates of dispensations  
And more extensive mitigations.

"For why," they wail, "should we grow thin  
"By hungry penance for our sin?  
"(And take so many aspirin?)"

And on the days that one calls *Ember*  
Of February and September,  
Of mild-eyed May and cold December,

They moan: "Some things we are denied  
"For being Christians *bona fide*.  
"But where is sense in suicide?"

"Come, bless the board with food and drink.  
"No hour is this to pray or think;  
"We almost miss that missing link!

"And let there be no sad regret.  
"Not yet we walk with Bernadette.  
"Come, let us have a cigarette!"

So seven seas yield up their fish  
To make a tasty Advent dish;  
And for a time men have their wish.

But while they feed from hearty store,  
Somewhere a saint kneels on a floor  
And has no truck with metaphor.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT



# BOOKS

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## REALIZATION OF THE AMERICAN DREAM

ROADS TO A NEW AMERICA. By David Cushman Coyle.  
Little, Brown and Co. \$2.75

IN a sweeping, keen and vital fashion David Cushman Coyle, engineer, pamphleteer and magazine writer, argues for the realization of the American Dream. The early chapters present a survey of American ideals and American resources. Subsequently, he details the practical changes inducted by technology and then the adjustments occasioned by this phenomenon. Lastly, he considers the ways and means of marshaling our resources for progress—without endangering the fundamental ideals which we cherish.

Obviously, Mr. Coyle's advanced and sterling patriotism has led him into an undertaking of giant proportions. It is no small task to flash America—past, present and future—onto the printed page. Many aspects of our economic life take poor pictures and more than a careful photographer is needed to portray their true character. In the present work the author's endeavors penetrate the surface and topic after topic reveals evidence of deep thought and scholarly consultation of competent authorities. In fact, smart combing of sources for theories and facts is one of the chief merits of the work.

However, when all this is said, there are points of incompleteness, inadequacy, and of unproven assumptions which mar the work. Cordell Hull and his followers would scarcely sanction isolationist doctrines; Donald Richberg or Leon Henderson, the omission of NRA, ideals and practice; John Lewis, the non-mention of the C.I.O.; and Catholics, the white-washing of the moral causes of the depression. On the money question it is suggested that thirty monetary experts be locked and barred in a room until they solve the monetary problem. Such a procedure might ameliorate monetary conditions for undertakers and florists, but how could such a group serve the country better than the Federal Reserve Board and how could they cope with international monetary problems?

The real point to the author's message, is on taxation as a means of redistributing income. His plan for reorganization of the tax structure places fearless emphasis on ability to pay, but omits technical details, political possibilities, and a discussion of the effects on capital investment and enterprise. Similarly in the discussion of the Federal Budget, a chasm yawns between the author's ideal and the reality.

In spite of such limitations as we have noted, this book is very well worth reading. Momentous issues are discussed in clear and simple language; language calculated to reach all those who should join in making our "American Dream" come true. RAYMOND F. X. CAHILL

## YOU MAY CALL IT: CHESTERTON AT PLAY

THE COLOURED LANDS. By G. K. Chesterton. Illustrated by the Author. Sheed and Ward. \$3

THIS book is a collection of fanciful pieces by G. K. C., written from the time of his school days, in 1892, up until 1929 or thereabouts. You may call it "Chesterton at Play" if you wish, but, of course, Chesterton, even at play, is one of the most deadly serious persons in the world. The collection was reverently made by his friend,

Maisie Ward. The illustrations are by the author, and they are the best part of the book.

Somehow or other the book as a whole does not come off as well as I expected. Is it because Chesterton was more brilliant in paragraphs than he was in whole pieces? When his genius flashes, it flashes clear to the stars. Take this:

For the gargoyle is really typical of the mystical utilitarianism of the Gothic; of something which got poetic good out of a gutter, and turned a vision of mere vomiting into a thing of beauty. Similarly, I do not say that pagan and secular gaiety are not as beautiful; but I do say they are not as gay. Saint Peter in medieval carving may be represented with a cock that is comic and meant wholeheartedly and simply to be comic; while his namesake Pierrot in the Arcadia of the age of Watteau, is something at once frivolous and sad. For Peter went out and wept bitterly; but he did not weep as bitterly as Pierrot can laugh.

This is not only great writing, it is such tremendous writing that one needs nothing to go either before it or after it. It is a whole essay in one paragraph. But, alas, it is in the Preface, not in the body of the book.

In the present volume it is possible to find many languid moments while Chesterton is sparring around to make his kill. One learns of course of his precociousness, finding that he could write at eighteen with almost as much ease as he could at sixty. But I found it quite impossible to read the book at one sitting. And I was hardly ever convulsed with laughter, as I expected to be. I still think there needs to be a Chesterton anthology entitled "Poems and Paragraphs" or some such name.

If the book is worth the price, it is chiefly for the adroit, nightmarish illustrations, and for this the most perfect of triplets.

I wish I were a jelly fish  
That cannot fall downstairs:  
Of all the things I wish to wish  
I wish I were a jelly fish  
That hasn't any cares,  
And doesn't even have to wish  
"I wish I were a jelly fish  
That cannot fall downstairs."

That is the best laugh in the book. For other and better laughs, consult Chesterton's *Collected Poems*.  
LEONARD FEENEY

## HEAVY FOG AND NO BEACONS

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY. By Nicolas Berdyaev. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3

ONE becomes conscious, after reading *Solitude and Society*, of the havoc played with exact thought by the successive separations from the Church, the Pillar and Ground of Truth. The separation of the East from Rome was in its origin as near to a purely schismatic division as seems possible, yet the heresy has afflicted the later dissidents up to the very founts of reason. The outlook on the same problems is different. The tragedy of philosophy, as Berdyaev exposes it, is unknown to Catholic thinkers. And the solution of the antithesis between philosophy and faith for the Catholic does not depend on the affirmations of a particular school; the solution will be worked out on different lines by a Thomas and a Bonaventure. But neither Doctor will be up against the problem Berdyaev creates for himself and assum-

ingly for all thinkers. In fact, with the preponderance given to emotion and experience in knowledge as in faith, the problem for him would seem to be absorbed in a mysterious identification which posits a more fundamental problem.

Passing over the question as to whether the act of Faith is as a judgment formally cognitive, in either case it is false to say it contains no cognitive element. Theology is not a purely human act of knowledge like philosophy since one of the premises is immediately or mediately revealed. Neither is theology "the intellectual interpretation of revealed truth, the expression of the organized collective rather than of the individual intelligence," unless some necessary distinctions are made. It is true that the individual theologian pools the collective resources, yet the latter must be clearly distinguished from the authoritative teaching of the Church, which for Berdyaev is the social collective.

When, therefore, Berdyaev makes the conflict between philosophy and theology hinge on the opposition between the individual and collective reason, a Catholic thinker, whether philosopher or theologian, would say, *negotio suppositum*: the supposition is unfair. "Every theology comprehends a philosophy sanctioned by the religious community." This universal is simply false. Christianity did not go out looking for a ready-made philosophy for its purposes. Rather, it contributed much itself to the formation of a philosophy whose elements were sought for the formulation and organization of its dogmas in Greek philosophy for the most part. Oriental patristic thought was *de facto* impregnated with Platonism but it is false to say "it could not have built up the Christian dogma without the formal basis of Greek philosophy," just as it is false to say that a like necessity lay on western Scholasticism as regards Aristotle and his categories. Surely unless one is imbued with skepticism or a corrupt philosophy of experience one must hold that the primary truths of Greek philosophy are connatural to reason and the results of rudimentary observation, though the precise formulas in which they are couched may vary somewhat. In any real sense it is false, despite Laberthonniere, to say that theology was made the slave of philosophy in the medieval system. The *ancilla* status of philosophy was real and not nominal.

Paradoxes and epigrams are small help in attempting the solution of the problems raised by the writer. There are truths enunciated but they lie ensconced amid verbal looseness and historical inexactitude. The tragedy of the limitations of the unbelieving thinker is admitted but the necessary clash of the believer with ecclesiastical authority is simply not true in the Church. If the author has other situations in mind, he should be clearer.

It would carry too far afield to enter the question of the objectivity of emotion and its place in knowledge versus the limitations of intellectualism. "Intuition is the *sine qua non* of philosophy." "Philosophy is therefore based upon the maximum experience of human existence." What purpose the enunciation of such generalities accomplishes is beyond the reviewer! Most of the questions raised, when they are real, have been recently handled far more competently by Catholic writers. Berdyaev has written with penetration on Russian Bolshevism. It ought to be said as regards the work under review that it is no help to the Catholic who reads with a purpose and with some idea of rational progression in his reading. Since the comments here made cover only a half dozen pages, it is clear that space limits excuse the reviewer from any detailed examination.

WILLIAM J. BENN

UNFORGOTTEN YEARS. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

THERE is a suggestion of lavender and old lace about these mild reminiscences which seems to indicate that the author, who is an expatriate from his America, is also somewhat *passé* as regards his twentieth century. Mr. Smith is one more escaped Quaker, glorying in his "new" freedom, which consists largely of a denial of spiritual and supernatural values. Such records no

longer exude even a breath of freshness. We have grown almost wearily accustomed to the story of intellectuals who, repelled by the narrowness of their Evangelical religion, have sloughed it off for what they consider to be the higher life of the intellect.

The author's picture of the Harvard of fifty years ago and of Oxford at a little later date is interesting. It is Harvard, as we might have suspected, which suffers by the comparison. Mr. Smith was at Balliol under Jowett and, though he vastly admired the great Master he did not fail to see that Jowett's concept of education was that it should prepare Balliol men for mundane distinction. Be it said to Mr. Smith's credit, he was not *bourgeois*. Indeed, one of the reasons for rejecting his early Evangelicalism was its Puritan lust for worldly gain. To his restrained dismay he found that not even his exquisite Oxford was entirely free from the blight.

The most valuable chapter in the book is that which describes the author's successful ferreting out of manuscripts in the almost abandoned libraries of some of the great English houses. Among these was his discovery of the Walpole-du Deffand correspondence for Mrs. Paget Toynbee's great edition of the Horace Walpole letters and the very extensive and valuable Carlyle-Ashburton correspondence which, because of a quirk of its owners, remains unpublished to this day. THOMAS J. LYNAM

TO REMEMBER AT MIDNIGHT. By Michael Foster.

William Morrow and Co. \$2.50

ANN PARNET was the child of theatrical parents, her father and mother both being mediocre performers in vaudeville. At the opening of the story her mother is dead and Ann, still a little girl, is driving to her new home in the far west with her father and his second wife who own the farm where they are to live in rustic seclusion. But farm drudgery cannot quench the old love of the stage in William Henry, the father, and he soon takes Ann with him back to the kerosene circuit where she learns the rudiments of acting before William Henry is forced to leave the stage for a job as night-watchman in a small Pacific coast town.

Her father's employer recognizes Ann's talent and fosters her ambition to become a great actress by sending her east to study. Through hard work and rough experience she advances slowly to stardom, but with an unsatisfied heart, till at the end she settles down to home life in devotion to her expected baby. The details of life on the stage and behind the scenes are interesting and there is a goodly array of minor characters vividly drawn. In her domestic life Ann seems at the end to have found something satisfying, but many of the characters give the impression of being merely futile people dashing about the world in aimless discontent.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

## A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOK CASE

WITHIN the compass of some eight hundred pages, Father Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S., has, in *The Catholic's Question Box* (Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, \$1.50), gathered together a whole cyclopedia of information upon questions to which every Catholic should know the answer. The index is a most excellent guide to the questions contained in the book. *The Catholic Doctor*, by Father A. Bonnar, O.F.M., (Kenedy, \$2.25) is fundamentally intended for the Catholic medical man, rather than for the clergy. That will explain the very commendable exposition of the teaching of the Church on medico-moral questions.

The tricks of which the Communists are capable are exposed by G. M. Godden in her new book *The Communist Attack on Great Britain* (Burns, Oates, 2s.6d.). The account is fully documented, and shows what underground tactics are employed by Communism. For the



# THEATRE

consolation of those who are fortyish and feel it, there is recommended *We Are Forty and We Did Get Jobs*, by C. B. Thompson and M. L. Wise (Lippincott, \$1.47). It is a story of courage and of success, of which a single reading will destroy the inferiority complex.

William Stephen Grooch in *Winged Highway* (Longmans, \$2.50) tells the story of modern air pioneering, in which he himself is one of the foremost pioneers. An exciting and interesting story. And speaking of ideologies, Michael Demiashkevich achieves a success in *The National Mind: English-French-German* (American Book Co.). This is more than an appreciation of the culture of these nations—it interprets the temperamental factors which motivate Europe today. Serialism is apparently founded upon the two scientific principles of Physical Determinism and Invariable Sequence. J. W. Dunne in *The Serial Universe* (Macmillan, \$2) offers a novel interpretation of the world from a scientific viewpoint.

The literary ability of Cecile Hulse Matschat is proved in *Suwannee River* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), which tells the story of the life of the people in the great Okefenokee swamp, where the Suwannee River takes its rise. Altogether a book of absorbing interest. A history of journalism in the southwest as well as a history of the State of Texas, goes into Sam Acheson's *\$5,000 Days in Texas* (Macmillan, \$2.50). The writer is a veteran member of the editorial staff of the *Dallas Morning News*, from whose files he has mostly drawn this attractive story. Dr. Tunstal was the last Catholic Bishop of Durham in England. He conformed under Henry VIII, but was deprived by Elizabeth, for refusing to act on the royal decree ordering him to consecrate Matthew Parker as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1559. *Cuthbert Tunstal*, by Charles Sturge (Longmans, \$7.50), is a scholarly and richly documented account of the English prelate who led his fellow Bishops in opposing Elizabeth's plan to destroy the Catholic Church in England.

Irwin Edman is author of *Philosopher's Holiday* (Viking Press, \$2.75), one of the most charming of volumes that has come from the press in a long time. It is an almost perfect piece of prose, illuminated here and there with a poem or so of great delicacy. In *American Authors, 1600-1900* (Wilson, \$5), edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft, are found some 1,400 biographical sketches extending over three centuries. It is an invaluable work, but the omission of a good many well-known Catholic American writers is distinctly a defect.

In the thirty-two illustrations by Hans Alexander Mueller in *Woodcuts of New York* (Augustine, \$1.50), the former Professor of Graphic Art at the Leipzig Academy gives his first impressions of what seemed to him the romantic and picturesque side of the city. The selection is pleasing. John A. Kouwenhoven is responsible for the sidelights on American life from 1857 to 1900 in *Adventures of America* (Harpers, \$3.50). The illustrations are taken from back volumes of *Harper's Weekly*, giving a panorama of American life from the days of the crinoline, down to the coming of the automobile and the impassioned flimflam of William Jennings Bryan. Entertainment and instruction provide a happy combination.

Robert Hichens in *The Journey Up* (Doubleday, \$2.50) has not achieved another *Garden of Allah*. His last novel is the story of a London doctor and his marriage to a London mannequin. Not exactly a exciting plot, which is concerned with the character of a woman who lived beyond her cultural budget. But the tale does not lag in the hands of so experienced a craftsman, who can tell a good story without resorting to carnal frailties to pep up his narrative. Thirteen of Kathleen Norris' best short stories are collected in *Baker's Dozen* (Doubleday, \$2). Nothing could demonstrate more clearly than do these stories why Kathleen Norris has retained her hold over her readers. Skilful portrayal and felicity of language, go without saying. These tales are clean, too—which is the main thing—and they are not in the least prissy.

THE GLANCER

**OUTWARD BOUND.** The chances are that every drama critic in New York attended the revival of Sutton Vane's great play, *Outward Bound*, with a certain amount of apprehension. How had this classic of fifteen years ago, so deeply and satisfyingly beautiful, stood the test of time? If it had stood it well, if the new production proved all it should be, would we ourselves see the play with the vision of nineteen twenty-four? Had we, too, stood the test of time?

Well, the play *has* stood it, and so have most of us. Much of *Outward Bound's* powerful appeal today may be due to the superb acting of the cast the Playhouse Company has engaged for it. It would have been a tragedy to see an inferior production. All of us carried our memories to the Playhouse with us, and we were fiercely insistent on perfection. We got it. The revival of *Outward Bound* gives us all the thrills of the first production and adds moments that are even more poignantly beautiful.

The greatest of these are offered by Laurette Taylor, the little charwoman, whose heaven lies in the discovery that she can be with her wastrel son after death and aid in his redemption. Even the exquisite playing of Beryl Mercer, who originally created the rôle, did not rise to the height that brings the Playhouse spectators out of their seats to fill the theatre with cheers. That is a rare sight and sound in New York theatres. You can see and hear it in the Playhouse after every performance if your vision is not blurred by tears, and if your ears are not dulled by the pounding of your heart.

We can still see the play's fault. It must not be approached with the expectation that it is a religious drama. It is not, and it is not offered as such. It is the expression of the author's philosophy of life and death—and particularly of life after death. In the final analysis it comes pretty close to the basic principles of religion—salvation for those who have lived up to the faith, discipline and another chance for those who have faltered along the way.

*Outward Bound* is no more a religious offering than *Our Town* is. There are even things in it that shock the sensibilities. The picture of the young wastrel, drinking as steadily after death as in life, is one of these. The personality of the "Examiner," in his white duck suit, is another. But these are details which are no more to be argued over than the final churchyard scene in *Our Town*, where the dead sit serenely on their graves and send their voiceless message to every spectator. *Outward Bound's* message is equally heart-shaking, and it is delivered with the utmost simplicity. It declares the immortality of the soul and the reward or the discipline of that soul according to the actions of its possessor throughout life. The only character whose case seems hopeless is that of the smug and self-satisfied profiteer, who himself has never given another human being a second chance.

The work of Thomas Chalmers as the "Examiner" is far more sympathetic than that of Dudley Digges in the first production. Mr. Digges was too crisp and business-like for his great rôle. Vincent Price as a devoted young clergyman who has worked himself to death is much more convincing. But the names of the other members of the company prove that all the acting is good: Florence Reed's, Helen Chandler's, Alexander Kirkland's, Bramwell Fletcher's, Morgan Farley's. All of them are dead in the play—for from start to finish *Outward Bound* is a play about the dead—yet all are so poignantly, so breath-takingly alive as they make their voyage from this world to the next.

You can join in the shouts of "bravo" for Miss Taylor at the end of the performance. It will be a great relief to your nerves!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

## FILMS

**TOPPER TAKES A TRIP.** Thorne Smith's novels about the timorous Topper achieve the distinction of being completely satisfactory entertainment with only a ghost of a plot to build on. The ectoplasmic evocation which carries the bulk of the comedy burden in this film takes the form of a sprightly blonde who first threatens and then preserves the harmony of the Topper household. This sequel, wonderful to relate, captures the same mood of antique mystery which made its first instalment unique farce and it is only slightly less effective in number of startling situations. Cosmo Topper and his cosmic playmate are brought perilously close to disaster when his wife, goaded by a mutual friend who evidently dislikes them both equally, sues for divorce and names the ethereal Mrs. Kerby as correspondent. The tale moves on from New York to Paris where the ghost takes matters in hand and helps save the disillusioned Mrs. Topper from a fortune-hunter. The author's tendency toward ribaldry is modified to something less impish and more universally appealing. The special photographic effects which are involved in presenting life on two planes of consciousness are vastly amusing in themselves. Roland Young and Constance Bennett illustrate the difference between high spirits and just spirits, excellently abetted by Billie Burke and Alan Mowbray in their familiar characterizations. The production is airy rather than eerie and is recommended as light fare for adults. (United Artists)

**GOING PLACES.** This journeyman farce belongs properly to Willie Collier's playwriting days under the title of *The Hottentot* and shows some of the scars of time in between moments of solid amusement. Its theme is retribution of a kind and comes about when a riding-equipment salesman is forced to show his wares in action. Sinister gambling influences force him into a steeplechase in which he and his temperamental mount are spurred to victory by nothing less than a swing band, demonstrating that all things have their own uses. The modern touches to this production are not always the happiest and the old framework of the plot still contributes most of the fun. Ray Enright's direction is timed for explosive situations and the high spots of the film come in something like steeplechase order themselves. Dick Powell is featured in song and story and is his immutable self, while Anita Louise, Allan Jenkins, Harold Huber, Walter Catlett and Louis Armstrong work valiantly to make the film creditable. (Warner)

**CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU.** An ocean liner in Honolulu Harbor is the scene of this episode in the interminable Chan series and Sidney Toler, new to the rôle of the proverbial Oriental sleuth, makes out better than the fossilized plot. Chan takes over a case which his tyro-detective son has made baffling, and tells all in the required number of reels. Phyllis Brooks and Robert Barrat assist and H. Bruce Humberstone's direction is efficient. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE.** The lighter side of Mark Twain's talent is uppermost again in this extension of Tom Sawyer's adventures. Not so pretentious and lacking the familiar ring of the first story, this film nevertheless holds its own as homely entertainment of a good quality. When old Uncle Silas rebuffs a prospective suitor for his daughter's hand, he is maliciously involved in the murder of his hired man. But Tom and Huck Finn set things right in a stirring courtroom finish. Louis King has used swiftness and suspense and has contrived a melodrama attractive especially to the younger fans. Billy Cook is vigorous in the title rôle, aided by Donald O'Connor, Porter Hall and Elizabeth Risdon. (Paramount)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

## EVENTS

**PERUSAL** of current newspaper accounts of the Franco offensive makes one think of Mark Twain's description of a fight. The participant in this brawl told of triumph over an adversary in the following fashion: "Putting my nose between his teeth, I threw him heavily to the ground on top of me." . . . In a front-page sub-headline one paper remarked: "Franco's Tired Troops Said to Have Gained No More Than a Mile Anywhere." A dispatch underneath this read in part: "In a day of fierce fighting in all three Segre sectors the Insurgents appear to have battered their way forward scarcely more than a mile at any point." . . . Another paper revealed the wily tactics of the Loyalists. These tactics are, it appears, to hold Franco's army to short gains each day or so and in this way tire the Franco soldiers out. One dispatch disclosed the jubilation of the Loyalists over the manner in which Franco was pushing them back. . . . These things greeted the eyes of American readers at the very time Mr. Franco was taking over more than 700 square miles of Loyalist territory. . . . If this reportorial technique were carried over into other fields we would be regaled with accounts somewhat similar to the following. . . .

New York. Max Schmeling was jubilant this morning following his one-round fight with Joe Louis last night. Max's strategy was to batter Joe's fists with his jaw and gradually tire out the colored man's hands. Max succeeded in keeping the number of knock-outs from going above one. As attendants were picking Max up from the floor, Joe looked like a thoroughly tired man. He admitted experiencing a feeling of fatigue in each fist, an admission that would seem to vindicate the Schmeling tactics. . . .

Washington. The Democratic strategy which seeks to prevent the Republicans from capturing more than eighty-five new seats in each Congressional election proved eminently successful in yesterday's balloting. Tired Republicans were unable to gain more than that number. Democratic clubs throughout the land noisily celebrated the achievement of their party in not losing more than eighty-five seats in the Senate and House of Representatives. . . .

Chicago. A riot of emotions surged through fifty-five thousand hoarse spectators yesterday afternoon as they watched the thrill-packed football game between the Universay of Seewal and Pigskin U. Following the kick-off and an exchange of punts, Pigskin got the ball on its own thirty-five yard line. It was at this point that the clever tactics of the Seewal team became manifest. The Seewal plan was to make Pigskin keep the ball and thus tire the latter out with constant running. The tactics were completely successful: Pigskin had the ball the rest of the game. In the first quarter a Pigskin back taking the ball on a reverse, hit the left side of the line but was unable to make more than twenty-two yards. The next runner was held to eighteen yards. Seewal employed deception on the defense. The line would appear to be on the verge of tackling the Pigskin runner, then would not, thus fooling the runner. Against such deceptive maneuvers, Pigskin was unable to make more than three touchdowns in the first quarter, could barely cross the goal line twice in the second. The Pigskin backfield was so exhausted at the end of the first half, it had to be withdrawn. The new backfield in the second half soon grew weary as a result of the Seewal strategy. It was able to stagger across the goal line only five times. Seewal rooters gave their team a rousing reception at the end of the game. There was a great celebration on the Seewal campus at night.

THE PARADER